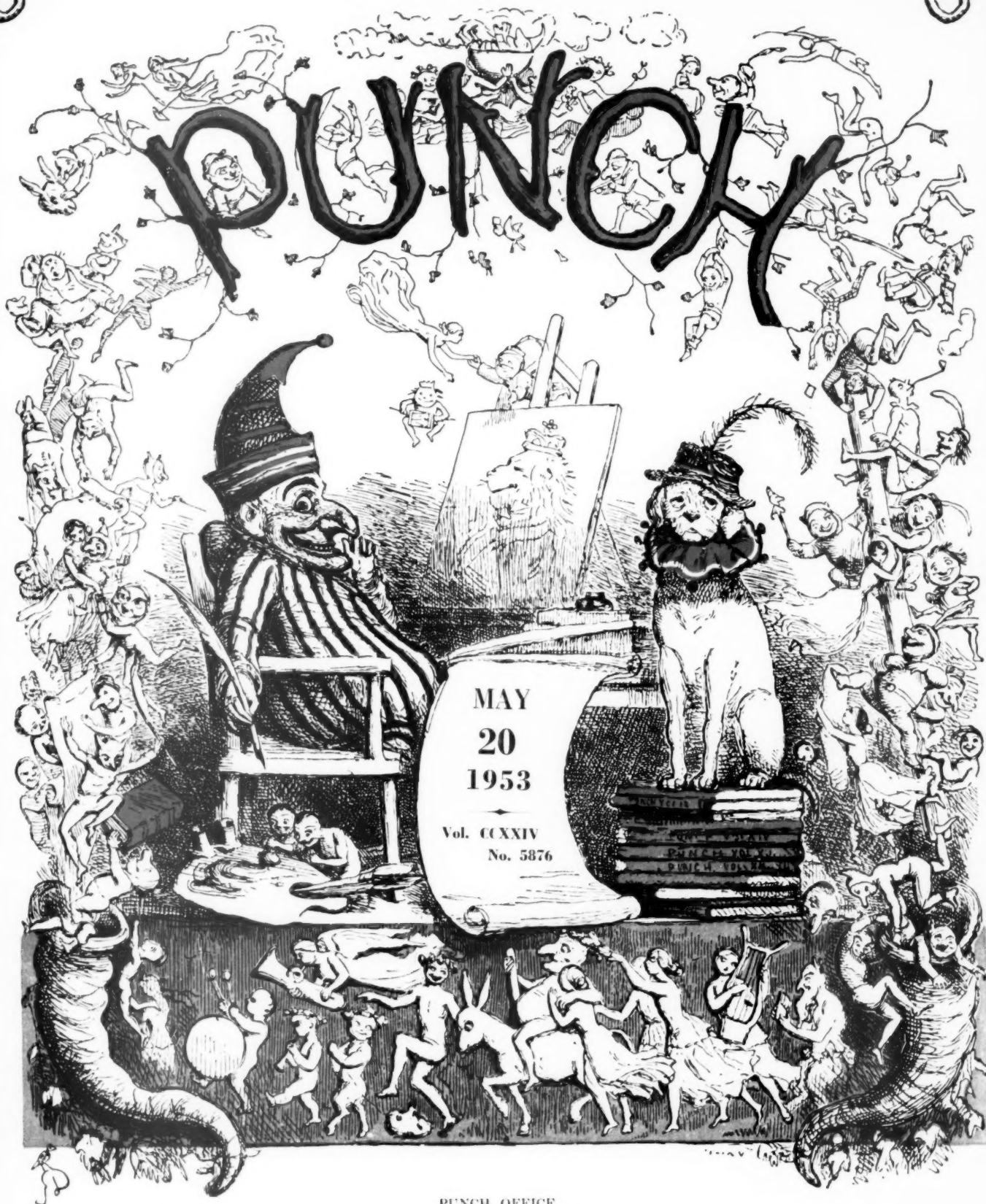


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PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, MAY 20 1953

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PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

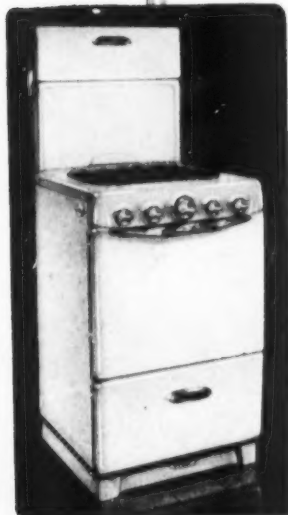
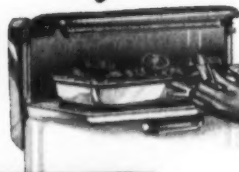


[NOC 812N]

Whatever the pleasure
Player's complete it
*Player's
Please*

It's the tobacco that counts

Eye-level grilling



The greatest advance of
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The Cannon Gas Cooker A125 offers you
8 star features:—

- ★ Large capacity eye-level fold-away
grill.
- ★ Broad spillover-proof hotplate.
- ★ Press-button lighting.
- ★ Large high-level turkey-size tempera-
ture controlled oven.
- ★ Storage and warming drawer.
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- ★ Audible "click" safety taps.
- ★ Removable non-rusting burner caps.

In gleaming easy-clean vitreous enamel—all
white, all cream or cream and green. Yours for
extended payments and as little as £3 deposit.
At Gas Showrooms and Leading Stores.



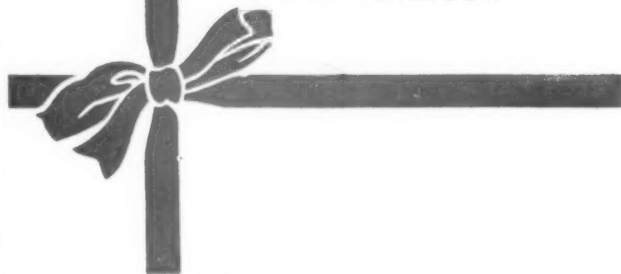
Britain's Best Cooker

Cannon (Holdings) Ltd., Deepfields, Bilston,
Staffs. London Office: 4 Park Lane, Piccadilly,
W.1.



Lindt

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OF THE
CONNOISSEUR

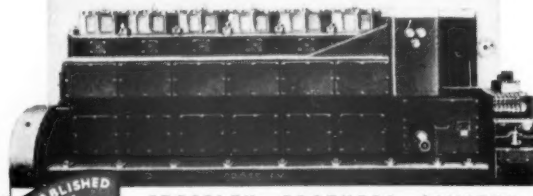


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CROSSLEY BROTHERS LIMITED
OPENSRAW : MANCHESTER 11
LONDON - Langham House : 108 Regent Street, W.1

Announcing . . . the **GARDEN SHEAR** of the **FUTURE!**



PRICE
30/-

(Patents applied for)
Available from all stockists

Built into these new Wilkinson Sword Garden Shears is not only the famous Wilkinson Sword craftsmanship, renowned since 1772, but also NEW FEATURES which make them the most efficient, the most comfortable and the most durable yet produced. These new shears have been specially designed to fit the normal body movements, while their strength, combined with the lightness of their keen-cutting hollow ground blades, give you the perfect instrument for every kind of grass and hedge cutting.

Write for illustrated leaflet S.9

WILKINSON

SWORD

THE WILKINSON SWORD COMPANY LIMITED, ACTON, LONDON, W.4

Hollow Ground Blades make this new shear $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. lighter than any other of comparable size, while the same strength is maintained with keener cutting qualities.

A large hardened floating bearing ensures smoother working of the blades. As the bearing is not dependent on a spring it will wear longer.

The solid tang handles have been designed to provide comfort and ease of body movement, and also to ensure that the handles do not loosen or become detached.

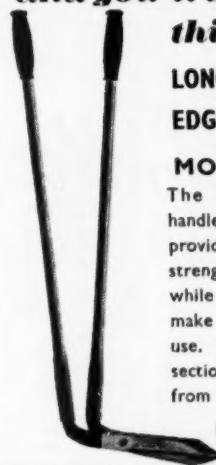
**—and you'll also want
this**

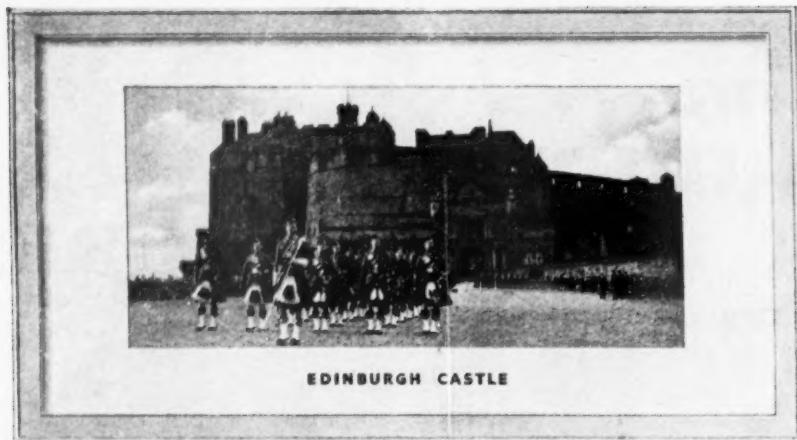
**LONG HANDLED
EDGING SHEAR!**

MODEL W.417

The tubular steel handles of these shears provide both great strength and lightness, while rubber grips make for comfort in use. Fitted with heavy section blades forged from finest sword steel.

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Holloway's Scotch Whisky has been a favourite the world over for 250 years. It is a very special whisky, the work of master distillers, the product of age-old skills. As such, it costs a little more than other whiskies; a small price for such time-proven perfection.



Holloway's

SCOTCH WHISKY



REID WRIGHT AND HOLLOWAY (DISTILLERS) LIMITED, MONKTON STREET, KENNINGTON, LONDON, S.E.11

FOOT NOTE for men

Since both health and self-respect depend upon the excellence of your shoes, you will be wise to ask for Health Brand next time. Probably the best shoes you can buy, Health Brand are very, very special! Faultlessly made, beautifully styled, yet never "showy". Miles and miles better (and more comfortable) than shoes costing only a little less. The styles cater for every occasion.



M 699

Rich brown
suede with
leather or
crepe sole.

79/9

Health Brand

SHOES

Leaflet and address of your nearest stockist
sent on request to Dept. P2,
CROCKETT & JONES LIMITED
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CROWNING MOMENTS
WITH

KING SIX

CIGARS



No man need deny his expensive tastes when King Six Cigars can satisfy them for so little. For the fragrance of a King Six Cigar brings pleasure to your quiet moments, and to your celebrations—a pleasure ensured by a century's experience in blending fine tobacco.

1/9 EACH

2 FOR 3/6 • 5 FOR 8/9 • 25 FOR 43/9

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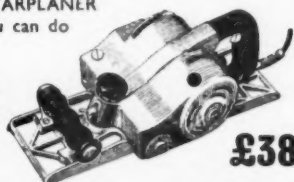
**"WHY,
WHATEVER'S
THIS?"**

**—SAID THE
YOUNGEST
APPRENTICE**

"That, young Bert, is one of the old-fashioned jack-planes with which we used to develop weak hearts and aching arms—we keep it as a curiosity and do all the jobs it used to do ten times faster with our **TARPLANER** with which, I notice, even you can do a good job!"

**The Tarplaner does
2 weeks' work in a day
—saves 30/- an hour.**

Write for full information.



£38

TARPLANER ELECTRIC HAND PLANE

BRITISH EQUIPMENT CO. LTD., Dept. 21, Ixworth House, Ixworth Place, S.W.3
KENsington 3491 (7 lines)

DENTURE CLEANING IS NOW IMPROVED

THE claim this advertisement makes for Dent-Odol, a new-comer among the oxygen denture cleaners, is not sensational—as advertisement claims go. It is simply this: that Dent-Odol does the job a little better.

Broadly speaking three very practical advantages have resulted from the use, in Dent-Odol, of a new formula which contains Empicol L.Z.—a recently discovered detergent. Empicol enables the water in which Dent-Odol is dissolved to penetrate and permeate as otherwise it could not. Empicol also makes Dent-Odol work longer—lengthens the active, oxygen-bubbling period of cleaning, sterilisation and stain removing. And another constituent makes Dent-Odol dissolve completely. No sediment—no waste.

If you would like your dentures a little better cleaned each day—and kept perceptibly cleaner over the months—you should try Dent-Odol. Its makers are confident you will not be disappointed.

Dent-Odol

DOES IT BETTER

From your chemist 1/4: large bottle 2/2½

BY THE MAKERS OF ODOL ORAL HYGIENE PRODUCTS



—A PRODUCT OF CRANBUX LIMITED

it's no fable!



higher mileage

is a REALITY!



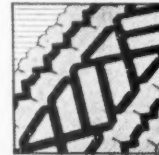
HIGHER MILEAGE

Avon's thicker and deeper tread gives many thousands of extra miles.



GREATER GRIP

The wider Avon tread gives more road contact and extra 'bite'.



BETTER BRAKING

Centre traction bars and multiple slots give extra stopping power.

Thousands of motorists throughout the country have *proved* it beyond all doubt—you get far higher mileage from the AVON H.M. Thus day-to-day motoring triumphantly confirms years of Avon research—on unique testing machines and over 1½ million miles of roads. Lower the cost of *your* motoring. Save *your* money. Fit AVON H.M. all round and enjoy the real economy of this remarkable higher mileage tyre. Send for illustrated folder "The Story Behind the Greatest Development in Car Tyre Construction", free on request to The Avon India Rubber Co. Ltd. Melksham, Wilts.

AVON
H.M.



"You asked for Benson & Hedges cigarettes, Sir"

Benson & Hedges are proud to announce that their Super Virginia Cigarettes are available on the world's most famous liners, including the following great ships:—

QUEEN ELIZABETH • QUEEN MARY
UNITED STATES • AMERICA • LIBERTÉ
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SAMARIA • ORONSAY • ORION • ORONTES
ORMONDE • ORCADES • OTRANTO
HIMALAYA • STRATHMORE • CHUSAN
MALOJA • ALCANTARA • ANDES
HIGHLAND BRIGADE
HIGHLAND CHIEFTAIN • HIGHLAND MONARCH
HIGHLAND PRINCESS
DOMINION MONARCH • CORINTHIC
EDINBURGH CASTLE • STIRLING CASTLE
WINCHESTER CASTLE • CAPE TOWN CASTLE
BLOEMFONTEIN CASTLE • DURBAN CASTLE

Those who travel widely, for business or for pleasure, must have observed how frequently **BENSON and HEDGES** Super Virginia cigarettes, made from the finest of fine tobaccos, are called for to distinguish any special occasion when only the best will do.



BY APPOINTMENT
TOBACCONISTS TO
THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

When only the best will do

BENSON & HEDGES LTD. • OLD BOND STREET • LONDON • W.

ROW 148



Windsor (Period inspired)

Tub-thumping by the ERCOLion

"Behold my latest Windsor Tub chair," said the ERCOLion, "with the pierced back slat and shaped arms. It is sturdily made for people of taste who have little money to indulge it and small room to exercise it. Observe please the handsome spring-filled or foam rubber cushion, (in period tapestry or linen) cushioned on cable springs, the mellow antique waxed finish, the admirable lines and quiet beauty. Feast your eyes on it. Sit on it, or knit in it. Rest, read or write in it. It will give you comfort in repose and support in employment. Supplies are shared by all good furniture shops on the principle of fair chairs for all."

FURNITURE INDUSTRIES LTD · HIGH WYCOMBE · BUCKS

Insist on Kunzle Quality



Art Dessert

CHOCOLATE ASSORTMENT

... like Kunzle Cakes — a compliment to Good Taste

C. KUNZLE LTD., BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND



ROTHERHAM & SONS LTD.

GEORGE II
1727-1760



**1 HOLBORN CIRCUS
LONDON, E.C.1**

GEORGE III
1760-1820

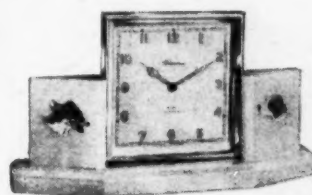


ESTABLISHED 1750

GEORGE IV
1820-1830



WILLIAM IV
1830-1837



VICTORIA
1837-1901



EDWARD VII
1901-1910



GEORGE V
1910-1936



WHY NOT GIVE A PRESENT
OF INDIVIDUAL CHARACTER

EDWARD VIII
1936



PERIOD DESIGNS REPRODUCED
IN ALL SIZES

GEORGE VI
1936-1952



FROM ALL HIGH GRADE JEWELLERS

ELIZABETH II
1952

QUALITY DURING THE REIGNS OF TEN SOVEREIGNS

Jacqmar

fabrics

the best in the world

**For evening, garden party and
cocktail dresses**

**Glorious Summer Silk Prints
From Paris**

Regal Coronation Year Brocades

available by-the-yard now

Jacqmar Retail Shop

16 GROSVENOR STREET W.1



THERE WILL BE SPECIAL OCCASIONS in the most ordinary of lives — times when extravagance is correct and joy the justification Then is the moment to allow Sobranie to say what can rarely be spoken — a compliment to the recipient, a sponsor for the giver. Here is mildness without bite, smoothness with satisfaction, and a flavour you will long to repeat. Here is not novelty but that true originality whose roots are deep and whose future is assured.

SOBRANIE

STRAIGHT CUT



In the Dolomites, that wonderful work of nature, enchanting holidays for rest, sport and gaiety.

Reductions for tourists on the cost of railway travel and petrol.

"Travel at will" railway tickets — Petrol Coupons.



Information from :

ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE (E.N.I.T.)
201 Regent Street, London, W.1 and all Travel Agencies.

'Tis not three weeks past,
 a man called on us
 for a specialle Toole. He
 wanted a long hooke made of tubes,
 some nine foote in lengthe, that hath
 at the end a Crooke, with 3 tynes turned
 contrarie, which he proposed to thrust
 through open windows to pull out any
 loose linen, apparell, or other household
 stufes whatsoeuer, which hooke collapseth
 and is lette out to hooke the Snappings,
 which goeth to the Broker or the Barnde, and there they
 do haue the readie monie for it. He got hyfe
 hooke, and tooke hyfe hooke, and to-day hee did
 go Weste to Tyburn, and we hadde 40
 blows of ye bastinado for ye aide we
 did giue hymme. If so be it ye haue
 any tube problemme of this
 kynde, then by Bartholomewe Fayre,
 we pray ye, keep away from us.

Mr. Accles & Mr. Pollock
 Metalle Tubes wrought in
 diuers shapes for honest
 gentlemen onlie • •

OLDBURY BIRMINGHAM

A  COMPANIE

FINMAR**LE KLINT SHADES FOR WARM LIGHTING**

Wholesale

FINMAR LTD. 12-16 HOLBEIN PLACE, SLOANE SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.1

**CHANGE
FOR THE BETTER!**

—enjoy the difference

Do you still buy from habit the cigarettes you once bought from choice? If so, you've forgotten how to enjoy a cigarette. A change of brand might jog your memory—a change to Philip Morris, for instance. Definitely different. Specially blended for cool, clean smoking. Try a packet today; you may prefer them

Twenty for 3/9



CALL FOR

PHILIP MORRIS

uncommonly good cigarettes

Is it



appearance

that counts...and

an untarnished long life?



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AND T.I. IN FRONT OF IT

T. I. ALUMINIUM LIMITED,

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A  COMPANY

Aluminium and Aluminium Alloy Ingot,
Billets, Slabs, Sheet, Strip, Tubes and Extrusions to all
Commercial, A.I.D. and Lloyd's specifications

**keeping
things**

clean . . .

The growing awareness of the need for higher standards of cleaning in daily life has created a wide demand for more efficient cleaning materials. In this field a major contribution has been made by Shell — through the discovery and manufacture of new detergents possessing greatly enhanced cleaning power. The latest Shell development is the expanding production of the liquid detergent TEEPOL, making it now available for all commercial cleaning.



Shell Chemicals



SHELL CHEMICALS LIMITED, NORMAN HOUSE, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.
(DISTRIBUTORS)



*"Do you think I might have a
little whisky instead: I should prefer
White Horse if you have it."*



CHARIVARIA

THE announcement in *The Times* that this week's official opening of the new uranium plant at Daggafontein, South Africa, will involve transmitting

a radio beam six thousand miles from Harwell to start the machinery, has been received with awe by the less scientifically-minded readers. It must be assumed, however, that those concerned know what they are doing, and that there is no connection between preliminary rehearsals and the headline, on another page, "East Nigeria House Dissolved."



American discussion on President Eisenhower's foreign aid programme will aim at reducing the amount proposed. Already Senator Bridges has said that he hopes to cut the President's proposal from \$5,800 m. to \$5,000 m., while Senator Byrd goes still further with a figure of \$4,700 m. It is thought that if any suggestions are sent from this side of the Atlantic the whole thing may be cancelled, and new tenders invited.

Egyptian restaurateurs, emboldened by General Neguib's outspokenness, are complaining that Britons dining in Cairo still clap their hands to get a waiter. Britons dining in London, of course, clap when they've got one.

As June 2 draws near, organizational activity mounts in speed and volume, and nerves in responsible quarters must be suffering as a consequence. No details are available of internal clashes in the

Earl Marshal's office, but our correspondent at Petworth, Sussex, reports that a recent Coronation Committee meeting suffered a bad split over whether the children's gift boxes should contain two cakes and one sandwich or two sandwiches and one cake.

King Feisal's presentation of commemorative medals to four Harrow school friends attending his accession ceremony in Baghdad was accompanied, it is understood, by a private word on their swap-status.

Coronation crowds may benefit from the hint by a reformed American pickpocket that members of his profession can always be foiled by mixing ground-nut shells with your money. However, even if his suggestion earns general favour next Tuesday week, it will be too late for the Colonial Development Corporation to claim complete vindication of its East African project.

Some uneasiness for the new Elizabethan age has been aroused by the report that two boys, detected by a Kidderminster constable in the act of climbing a tree in Brinton Park, were charged before the Juvenile Court, found guilty and fined ten shillings. It is reassuring to note, however, that at the time of going to press, climbers further afield have encountered no legal difficulties.





BOOTH are married to husbands well soaked in the jargon of present-day economics... Both women have families and know what a shopping basket looks like...

"It has been proved time and time again that the more 'militant' brand of trade unionism has its policy directed by the apron strings of the housewives."

"Mr. — said that his wife had driven him to it by her ceaseless nagging. He was quite happy at his work until she had bludgeoned him into the belief that he was a downtrodden serf."

These items culled from the popular Press support a contention that we find difficult to believe—that the women of Britain are the prime movers behind the recent widespread and, for the most part, irresponsible demands for higher wages and shorter hours. The men, so the argument runs, fully appreciate the need for continued restraint, for they realize that full employment and collective bargaining can only be preserved if the national economy avoids all the perils of a raging, runaway inflation; but their womenfolk, released at last from the endless bread-and-butter anxiety of the so-called "bad old days," have become the ringleaders of industrial unrest.

Now if this is so—and we are still gallant enough to entertain doubts—the dearth of new sociological novels of the Cronin-Spring-Llewellyn school is readily explained. In the hungry 'thirties the male of fiction was dominant and aggressive, while the female quietly nursed her bairns and grievances...

"Never thee mind, Jeth, lad," said Mrs. Entwhistle, "sithee down an' Ah'll give thee a bite o' summat."

Jethro Entwhistle cursed, flung

A WORD TO BREADWINNERS

his cap into a corner and dropped into a rickety chair. "Fourteen weeks now we bin on strike and bosses are stronger nor ever. But we'll break 'em yet."

"Ah dunna want to interfere, lad, but Ah've t'bairns to consider. Ah wish tha'd swallow thy pride, lad, and give over."

"Nay, lass, niver, niver, niver. An' thee keep out o' this. It's none o' woman's business."

"'Appen it is, and 'appen Ah'd better keep me mouth shut," said Mrs. Entwhistle.

That was twenty years ago. But nowadays full employment and the Welfare State have knocked the bottom out of the market in clogs and shawls and hunger-marches and soup kitchens.

All the same we feel that the sociological novel could be revived, very usefully and profitably, if only our writers would adjust themselves to the New Order; and it is with this in mind that we submit the following from, say, *Poverty Begins at Home*...

Mrs. Hunslett scowled at her man across the breakfast table.

"So thou't goin' to work again, eh! Spite o' what Ah told thee. Wilt tha niver see reason?"

"Nay, wooman, dunna take on so. 'Tis me duty an' well tha knows it."

"Duty! Bosses reject a decent

demand of a twenty per cent increase in pay and a cut in workin' hours from forty-four to thirty-six an' tha talks o' duty!"

"Listen, lass. We got another ten bob only last year an' since then cost o' livin's gone up by barely one per cent. Theer's no justification for a rise."

"No justification! Sam Grout's lot got a rise, didn't they?"

"Get thy facts right, wooman. Me pay's gone up since 1938 same as in other industries. Sam's getting no more than 'e's 'titled to."

Mrs. H. pushed more eggs and bacon on to her husband's plate. "Spineless," she said.

"'Tis no use tryin' to squeeze profits any more, lass. Put up wages an' tha puts up costs o' production, an' if costs goes up, prices goes up, an' we're no better off."

"Tha talks like a bloomin' 'conomist!"

"Aye, 'appen Ah do. An' if prices goes up, furriners won't buy our exports an' then we'll be in a right pickle all round."

"Finish thy breakfast!" commanded Mrs. Hunslett.

"Nay, lass, look at clock! I shall be late at factory."

"Factory! That's all tha thinks on. Factory!"

"So long then. Ah'll 'ave to run."

"Spineless, the lot on 'em," said Mrs. H., pouring another cup of rum.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

§ §

DICTIONARY REVISION

Middle East Edition

NEGOTIATE. (*nī-gō'-she-āte*). (v. i.&t.) [Co-operate, In private parley or debate, In efforts to accommodate Divergent views. (Now out of date)] To rave in public; execerate; Reject attempts to mediate; Endeavour to intimidate By threats of murder. (*Of a State*) To foster xenophobic hate In order to expropriate. (*Of treaty-terms*) to abrogate.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



"And if and when you do meet, start by discussing, say, the dialectics of golf..."



BUZZ!

ALL unconscious of impending doom I was gnawing a solitary bone at the Drones Club and wistfully recalling that golden age when coves like Catsmeat Potter-Pirbright and Barmy Fotheringay-Phipps had reigned supreme, filling the air around with snappy dialogue and bread rolls bandied to-and-fro. I'd reached the point, after a few shots of cognac imbibed to assist the gastric juices, when a less reserved chappie would have burst into the chorus of "Auld Lang Syne" or wondered, with the poet, where the jolly old *neiges* of *a*. had got to nowadays, and it was in this mellow mood that I became suddenly aware of two birds in formal attire bearing down on me from across the banqueting hall—now, alas, empty save for the last of the Woosters.

Though the advancing figures were clearly recognizable as Sir Roderick Glossop and Sir Watkyn Bassett, C.B.E., J.P., respectively, it took me some moments to realize that these knights were actually present in the flesh, and by the time it'd sunk in that they weren't mere shades conjured up from the mists of m. or the pages of a cheap edition chronicling some past kick of the heels, they were already standing over my table with expressions that betokened business.

Sir Watkyn was the first to give tongue, and at his tone of voice even my iron nerve began to describe a graceful arc. I felt a kinship with those private eyes of American lit., who glance up from a newly-discovered stiff to find the boys from the Homicide Squad standing around, idly swinging their black-jacks in preparation for a cosy chat about the case.

"Mr. Wooster," said the former bane of Boshier Street, "we are from the Ministry of Rehabilitation. We

GOOD LORD, JEEVES

were informed that the club secretary was to be found lunching in this room."

"I'm the Hon. Sec., Sir Watkyn," I said: an honest admission received by Sir Roderick with what brothers of the P.E.N. qualify as a mirthless chuckle.



"A suitable nominee for an institution so-named, do you not concur, Bassett?" he said.

"Especially apt in view of the establishment's future function," Sir W. agreed. "You are, of course, aware, Mr. Wooster, that these premises have been requisitioned w.e.f. to-day's date as a *State Home for the Mentally Deficient* . . ."

" . . . and that I, as Governmental Psychiatrist," said Sir Roderick, coming in pat on his cue, "will be in charge of the scheme, which is to be implemented forthwith."

"Here, I say," I protested, rallying from the ropes, as one who recovers from a right cross, "you can't do that, you know! The members won't stand for it!"

"There are no members, Mr. Wooster," Sir Watkyn said, planting another *banderillo* in the quivering hide. "We've already ascertained

that. And if it is the free board and lodging which as club secretary you receive here that causes your patent anxiety, why, you are in no danger of losing it. Sir Roderick, I am sure, will gladly sign the certificate insuring your future as an inmate of the Home—eh, Glossop?"

It was the K.O. delivered with full force to the softer parts of the anat. I had crumpled over the table, gasping for breath, when through the loud singing in my ears a familiar and well-loved voice spoke sharply, scattering the opponents to right and left.

"Gentlemen," it said, "I wish to have a word in private with Mr. Wooster, if you please."

The big fight was over. Before you could say Sugar Ray Robinson, Sir Roderick and W. Bassett had beaten it, murmuring "Yes, Minister," and "Certainly, Lord Jeeves," in the most obsequious of accents, and the hand, it seemed, of a ministering angel was holding a beaker of brandy to my lips.

"Jeeves," I said fervently, "lives there a man with soul so dead as to resist the incomparable Jeeves?"

"Thank you, sir. The tribute is much appreciated."

"I merely quote from *The Daily Herald*. But wait a sec.," I said, as full consciousness flooded back to the brain, "didn't I hear those two blighters address you as Minister? And Lord Jeeves? Or was it a dream?"

"The Government has been kind enough to reward my trifling services with a peerage, and also by inclusion in the Cabinet, sir."

"As Minister of Re-Thing?"

"Habilitation, sir. A little more brandy, if I might so suggest? I fear this news has come as a grave shock to you, sir."



"Worse than that, Jeeves. The loss of this job would be the last straw." I raised my measure on high. "To your success, Jeeves, which you dashed well deserve."

"Thank you, sir. But you were saying about your position as secretary here, and its importance to you . . ."

"Supreme importance, Jeeves, financially speaking. Nationalization and sur-tax have taken their toll. The Wooster millions are, in fact, down the drain. Need I say more?"

"It is a plight shared by many in these times, sir. Your friends are unable to assist?"

"Friends," I echoed bitterly. "Shall I show you the typed note I had from Mrs. Bingo Little's secretary? Or the stern refusal received from Stiffy Byng's spouse, the Bishop of Blandings, formerly the Rev. Stinker Pinker? The receipt of such missives is souring to one's sunny nature, Jeeves."

"Man is an ungrateful animal, sir. But perhaps I might be of some little help, if you'd allow me . . ."

"How?"

"The offer of employment, sir?"

"What kind of employment?"

"I hesitate to say, sir."

"Don't hesitate. Out with it. Beggars can't be choosy, Jeeves."

"Well, sir, the post of secretary to the Junior Ganymede Club has fallen vacant in the past week. I could confidently promise you the appointment if you so desire."

"But the Junior Ganymede's a club for gentlemen's personal gentlemen. How could I get in?"

"By accepting a temporary position as my personal attendant, sir . . . If I may say so, you would not find me too exacting an employer."

We Woosters are nothing if not adaptable. My hesitation was of the briefest. "Jeeves," I said, "you're on! Let's drink to that!"

"Thank you," said Jeeves, as I ladled out liberal portions. "Er . . . not all the soda, Wooster."

"No, sir," I said, falling without effort into the new rôle. "I will endeavour to give satisfaction, sir . . . I mean, m'lord."

J. MACLAREN-ROSS



"Oh, come now, Miss Eglinton—I'm not going to eat you."

SONNET FOR A LESSER OLYMPIAN

GLORY be for the things that are tossed away:
The satiric doodle between the formal sittings;
For straggly spots of hawkweed in railway cuttings,
And people in carriages going the other way;
For the abandoned postures of sleeping kittens,
The smell of a neighbour's baking, and the gay
Squeaks of an orchestra getting ready to play;
For old news on the bottoms of drawers among the
buttons.
For the things that will not go down in History;
For ridiculous things with causes beyond our guessing
And without effects to speak of, as far as we know,
Praise—to the absent-minded divinity
Who is wondering what he did with those snatches of
blessing
He had in his hand only a moment ago.

PETER DICKINSON

BLOOD AND THUNDER

A MAN we called Old Blood and Thunder taught me surgery. He was one of the last of the magnificent general surgeons who have been swept away by the stiff scientific brush of modern medicine. He saw himself clearly as the professional descendant of John Hunter, Ambroise Paré, and Astley Cooper: he could cut his way proudly into any accessible corner of the body, set a fracture, draw a tooth, nip out a pair of tonsils, or spread a linseed poultice. He believed that all diseases were curable by the removal of a sufficient number of organs, and that everybody was better off for an operation; all he asked from his patients was the courage of his convictions.

Blood and Thunder lectured at the bedside with feudal grandness. His attitude towards his hospital patients suggested squire and tenants; he treated his assistants as gamekeepers, the nurses as valuable but untrustworthy domestics, and us students as his own imbecilic younger sons. His Thursday morning ward rounds were our most

frightening experiences in education since leaving school. He towered at the patient's head, stern in frock-coat and cravat, contemptuous of the passage of time and the necessity for lunch: we gathered timidly round the other end, trying to slip our aching feet on to the lowest bar of the bed.

He suffered fools badly. "You, sir!" he snapped at me on my first round as his dresser. "You would be called Argyll Robertson, would you not?" I came across the name later in a textbook of ophthalmology, and found it described "a small irregular pupil that reacts sluggishly."

In the operating theatre he held dangerously conflicting views on bacteria. Everyone was forced to obey the rigid rules of asepsis, and the nurse with a wisp of hair below her cap was described loudly as a "septic Jezebel." But Blood and Thunder regarded his own flesh as in some way supernaturally antiseptic. He scrubbed his hands with the impatience of a man submitting to a foolish and rootless convention, and often scratched his left ear in



perplexity with his sterile glove in the middle of an operation.

I believe that surgery was to him an art as personal as painting, and he was damned if he would tolerate any frustrating Listerian barriers between himself and his patient. Only one man ever questioned him about it—a new student, rash in his innocence. "Why do you always wear your mask *below* the end of your nose, sir," he asked, "when you tell us to tie ours across the bridge?"

"Because my nose is a damn sight cleaner than yours, sir!" he roared in reply.

When Blood and Thunder turned sixty and retired, his silk hat in the Staff common room was replaced by the self-effacing trilbys of three successors. The good all-round surgeon is now as rare as the all-round athlete, for every human viscus has come under the microscope of specialization and surgeons to-day are proud of the few operations they are capable of performing instead of the many. The solitary surgical adventurer, who was checked only by his professional conscience and the traditions of the Royal College, has become the centre-forward of a therapeutic team and is largely ignorant of the sort of game being played by the wings.

No longer is he lord of the theatre, whose footstep subdues sisters and silences students: instead, he treads softly in fear of expert contradiction by biochemists, physiotherapists, statisticians, and psychiatrists. He is slow to anger and to surgery; he diagnoses as precisely as an X-ray and counts the success of the operation on what he leaves rather than what he takes. He is apologetic to his



house-surgeons, who master the latest complications in biochemistry before he can; he is terrified of offending a nurse, and possibly further thinning the Matron's staff; he is humble to his students, who have discovered that even surgical dressers have their dignities and address him with their hands in their pockets.

Old Blood and Thunder's endearing arrogance sprang largely from confidence in the financial gap that separated him from his hospital patients and students. He had a house in Queen Anne Street, another on the Thames, fishing rights in Devon, and shooting in Scotland. He charged two hundred guineas for removing an over-nourished stomach, and insisted on his guinea-a-mile extra for a consultation in the country. His successors at the disposal of the National Health Service are paid by the "notational half-day," and unless they can persuade their private patients into a nursing home are tied to the operation charges in the Ministry's *à la carte menu*.

The senior surgeon may even be pleased to abandon his fee. "A remarkably fine refectory table," I said, when having dinner with a surgical colleague. "Yes," he agreed. "A gastrectomy, that . . . appendicectomy last week for the chairs . . . what do you think of my china? Some gallstones!" I complimented him on the claret. "And so it ought to be," he told me. "It's Lady —'s kidney."

RICHARD GORDON

Coronation Programme

Mr. Punch wishes to draw his readers' attention to the approved souvenir programme of the Coronation published, by permission of the Queen, by King George's Jubilee Trust.

The programme, which is 40 pages long, contains the order of service of the Coronation and a mass of interesting information beautifully printed and illustrated.

The price is 2/6, from all book-sellers, newsagents, etc. Profits go to King George's Jubilee Trust.

The New Elizabethans

Thanks, brave Montgomery



"First win the game, then thrash the Spaniards too."
Though fresh exponents slant the tag anew,
The basic teaching hasn't changed a bit:
Before you fight you must be fighting fit.

B. A. Y.

SHORT



WAVE

HERE is the Tower of Babel: though, to be fair,
They did not have jazz bands and tenors there.
Here's theme for modern bard.
Just before bed
Turn knob and twiddle,
Apprehensive, slow,
Round Continent, through world awarely go—
And what a world!

Low moans, fierce sibilance,
Howls of the damned or dead,
Urgent the cruel morse,
Woodpecker-hard,
Scorning a host of crooners,
Mooners and Juners,
Shrill out-of-tuners,
Grand Opera bawlers,
Skippers of trawlers,
Beethoven—
Whistle and howl!
Behop—
Like a tortured fowl,
Vast orchestras, insane,
Playing in a storm,
Small bands in pain,
As Hell grows warm,
Rumbas and Sambas,
Cataracts of News,
National Anthems,
Fanfares, Blues,
Announcers, smugmuttering
In tongues uncounted,
"Radio Roma"
"Radio Barcelona"
"Radio Yugoslavia"
"Vous venez d'entendre . . ."

Halt, knob! Rejoice!
An English voice,
Smooth, comforting, thin,
Oasis-welcome
In desert of din!
She speaks of the peace-loving peoples,
Of prosperity and culture.
I am delighted,
I increase the vol;
All these are dear to me
As alcohol.
"Eighth Anniversary
Of the Victory
Of the Soviet People
Over Fascist Tyranny . . ."

But what? No word of Britain?
No word of America?
No word of Alamein,

Of Normandy—the Rhine—
Even Murmansk?
Not one.
What is this?
It is Radio Moscow.
O, Comrade, O!
On, on, twiddle on!
Whistle and howl and roar,
Jumbas and Bumbas,
Morse, of course,
And a sound like the Severn Bore.
On, twiddle on! But do you hear?
English again for thirsty ear!
The Voice of America, loud as bell,
Giving the peace-loving peoples Hell!

Well, well, well,
This is the way to see the world.
On, twiddle on!
The cold war's hissing about the flat,
Radio Yank and Radio Slav,
Radio This and Radio That.
I like extremely
"Paternal internationalism,"
More just and seemly
Than the old Imperialism.
But O, Comrade, O!
"On this day, eight years ago,
The Fascist Monster
Surrendered to the Soviet People . . ."
O, Comrade, O!
Propaganda, I know.
This is but one
Of the peace-loving ladies
Smugmuttering
In the English tongue.

Very well.
But is it well done?
To whom is it addressed?
It is not addressed
To Lithuania
Or the Caspian Sea.
It is addressed to the English-speakers,
It is addressed to me.
It is to find me faith and comfort
In our late peace-loving allies.
Isn't that odd?
What a surprise!
For, as the Irishman said,
It is like the thirteenth stroke
Of a crazy clock
Which not only is itself discredited
But casts a shade of doubt
Over all previous assertions.

A. P. H.

BELFRY PROBE

"NEAR upon half a century of apathy," it said in the paper round the fish, "has cast around Stedman Triples a shroud of impenetrable mystery almost romantic in its completeness."

I usually let this sort of challenge go, but one can get too soft. I removed the fillet with an open mind and read on.

The wrapping, a copy of the campanological paper *The Split Eardrum*, proved to be baffling. The search for more clues about Stedman Triples led me first through damp columns of what appeared to be election results. These proved to be records of peals rung (5040 little Bob Major at Chester, 5280 Yorkshire Surprise Maximus at Halifax) and fairly plain sailing. More striking, perhaps was an advertisement for a roguish little book by a parson called "Surprise Methods," but the only mention of the elusive Stedman was in a brief report of a spree by some Bristol ringers. "Ringing for the day," it said, "finished on the twelve at St. Mary's, and while some of the party quenched their thirst in the King's Head, the handbell enthusiasts enjoyed a little Stedman, Kent and Double Norwich."

This seems to confirm the view I had been tentatively forming that these Triples were probably alcoholic. On the skin side of the fillet, however, I was able to read the entire article from which the first mention of them had become

Punch Coronation Number



MR. PUNCH'S advice to those about to put off buying their copy of the *Punch Coronation Number* — DON'T.

It's been on the bookstalls since Monday, and supplies are limited. Sixty-four pages, all in colour, and yours for 2/6d.



"Shop!"

detached. The most significant part was this:

"On May 18th, 1846, the famous Four-Part was rung on the front eight at St. Martin's. Meeting short for a ten-bell practice, the company decided to go for a peal. It was, of course, the first peal of Stedman Triples to be rung with common bobs and singles only and it marked the end of the long and arduous struggles of the Birmingham Composers. To Lates it came as a complete surprise. He was outside the tower when the band came down after the peal, and accosted Johnson with the amazed query, 'Why, Harry, what peal have you been ringing? The bells came round with a common single.' 'I know they did!' said Johnson. 'It was one of Tom's with two common singles, and now you can have it.'"

"And John Day remarks, 'Those who knew Lates could form a pretty shrewd idea of what he would say after that.'"

To get to the bottom of it all, it seemed sensible to start on the column headed "FOR BEGINNERS," with the sub-title "XXII. Hereward and London Bob."

Here it said:

"The real object of these articles has been to show that ringers, with an exercise of average intelligence, will find it perfectly easy to extend their practice from one to a number of methods."

The changes of a plain course can be knit together in one or other of the following ways:

By 2nds only, when treble leads.

By 6ths only, when treble leads.

By 5ths, when treble is behind, and 2nds.

By 5ths, when treble is behind, and 6ths.

I bitterly regretted having missed the first XXI articles.

The reference to "average intelligence" hurt a little, but I skipped down the column till I came to:

"Here is an interesting thing to do. Write out a full course of one of the methods, cut it into ten pieces by dividing it between the rows when the treble is behind and when it is leading. With these ten pieces you can reconstruct any of the four methods."

I contemplated this slowly for some time.

I then discovered that I must have tried abstractedly to make it all more concrete by dividing the fish into ten pieces, which lay accusingly on the draining board.

It proved impossible, however, to reconstruct the fillet into its original aerodynamic form before my wife arrived with its vegetables.

"Here," I said ingratiatingly, holding out the sodden instructions as I edged towards the door, "is an interesting thing to do."

ALAN HACKNEY

Application to the B.B.C.

DEAR SIRs,—I suppose it is a bit late now to apply to join your talented team of Coronation commentators, but I have just read in the *Radio Times* that there will be close on a hundred sound-broadcasting-commentary positions in Westminster Abbey and along the route, from which the ceremony and procession will be described in forty-one languages, and I don't see that one more is going to hurt you. I could do it all right, if you have a vacancy. Talk? Why, I can talk the hind leg off a donkey—though I have never done it, mind, being an animal lover as well as gifted with the human touch that is so important on these great occasions. And as for colour and the right inflexions and so on—but there: you will want me to be business-like, instead of prattling away for all the world as though I were already on the job.

My qualifications are as follows:

Stray gleams of sunlight. It is an odd thing, but whenever I watch dragons, bishops, coaches, etc., stray gleams of sunlight break through the clouds and touch to sudden glory their cuirasses, mitres, gilded superstructures, etc., as the case may be. That is on dull days, of course. If it's a fine, hot day I shall keep talking about "real Coronation weather," assuming you give me the chance, until even the least imaginative listener will feel a thrill of pity for the peers and peeresses sweating it out in their robes.

I need not tell you that the phrase "sweating it out" would form no part of my broadcast. "Out-rivalling the sun in sumptuous magnificence" is the nearest I should get to any hint of discomfort.

Phrases. I have no lack of phrases, having committed to memory some sixty synonyms for brilliant, as well as the entire list of Interjections Expressing Wonder given in Roget's *Thesaurus*—which range, as I dare say Richard Dimpleby could tell you, from "Lo and behold! O! hey-day! halloo! what! indeed! really!" through the less familiar "odzookens! O gemini! adzooks! hoity-toity!" to the comparatively tranquil "fancy! did you ever? you don't say so! what do you say to that! how now! where am I? well I'm blowed, etc." Thus equipped, I can face the ordeal with confidence. It is hard to imagine a

spectacle or incident that would find me altogether at a loss for a word.

As a further instance of the lengths to which I am prepared to go to insure against aphasia or repetition, I have typed out and pasted inside my hat thirty-eight different expressions for "decorated," including "much-beribboned" which has the advantage of doing double duty for the fronts both of buildings and admirals. A less conscientious craftsman would have made it thirty-nine, but I have struck out "gay with bunting"—almost a cliché now.

Historical sense. This is a strong point. I cannot see so much as a Silver Stick in Waiting fall off his horse without being reminded of a somewhat similar incident in 1887 when Gladstone was arrested for debt just before setting out to attend Queen Victoria's Jubilee. So there will be no awkward pauses. Even if Silver Stick is not, in fact, mounted, or otherwise fails to entertain, I see no reason to despair. Pedestrianism is rich in historic precedents.

Tact. I shall not use the word "Colonials" from start to finish of my broadcast. The tall and sunburnt men from down-under will have nothing to fear from me, as they mingle with dark-skinned visitors from Sierra Leone and rub shoulders with bearded Sikhs from far-away Punjab. Immediately beneath me here, as I look down over the rim of Nelson's hat at the excited crowd below, row upon row, tier upon tier of eager, expectant faces, young and old, men, women and children—and what an astonishing spectacle it is: bald as coots, more than half of them—a group of Cingalese students make a brilliant splash of colour against the old grey walls, grey walls of London stone that slumber through the centuries keeping unwinking watch and ward over her ancient liberties. And now, as I turn once more and direct my expectant gaze down the long, shimmering vista of flags, flags that seem just beginning to move in the first faint stirrings of a real Coronation breeze—I thought that one moved a bit, didn't you, Arthur?—Big Ben booms out the hour. Listen to the solemn, vibrant tones of Westminster's grand old—Two—Three—Four (that was a good one, was it not?)—Five—Six. Six o'clock! Another five hours to go, and already I have used "expectant" twice...

Please forgive me, dear sirs, for getting carried away from the subject of Tact. The trouble with me is that once I start talking I can't stop. A good fault, surely?

Optimism. I am a martyr to this. I feel quite certain, for instance that you will give favourable consideration to this present application. Even if, for any reason, you feel that you cannot accept another commentary on the actual procession, couldn't you squeeze me in to one of your viewpoints so that I can record a commentary on one of your commentators giving a commentary? What a gift for some future Scrapbook!

Or, if you don't want that, couldn't you just squeeze me in?

H. F. ELLIS







Waiting for the Next Revolution

LA PAZ is expecting another revolution. However, the city is calm, for indeed the situation is quite normal: there have been one hundred and fifty-seven revolutions in Bolivia in the last hundred years, mostly violent; one more or less is plainly no cause for agitation.

Handsome cars continue to glide up and down the Prado, the steep narrow streets are thronged with

Indian women wearing neat bowler hats and gaudy shawls. The cold clear nights are occasionally rent by the crackle of rifle fire as one or other of the military patrols, trigger-happy as ever, encounters opposition of some kind, but since the army has been purged by successive governments so often that there are now no trained soldiers left in it at all, skirmishes of this nature pass

off as a rule with no more than a little accidental bloodshed and expressions of utter indifference on both sides. The serene white heights of Illimani, stupendous under the moon, have seen it all before.

Still, the element of comedy usually attaching to Bolivian revolutions seems to be missing from the forthcoming upheaval, though no doubt it will run true to form in some respects. The members of the cabinet will certainly ask for asylum in the embassies of the other South American powers in La Paz and so may evade suspension from a lamp-post, at all events for the time being; the President will forestall assassination by resignation and flight, if his timing is sound.

Three revolutions ago the insurgents commandeered a passenger plane belonging to Lloyd Boliviano and pelted the city with old French 75-mm. shells; they holed a few roofs but since they forgot about priming the shells before they heaved them out of the door the damage was slight, and the practice of aerial bombardment, like a good many other new-fangled devices in Bolivia, has been found confusing and unnecessary. For the rest, the four-hundred-odd members of the Anglo-American Club will no doubt be potted at through the windows of the bar, and the Diplomatic Corps, which makes up a high proportion of the capital's foreign population, is already shaking up the embassy mattresses and getting the blankets washed.

Yet the farce this time is touched with gravity. And the fault is the Government's own. Communist in spirit and training, albeit Nationalist by name, the Government was swept into power a year ago by the tin miners and peasants. It then committed, in its enthusiasm and confidence, the incredible folly of issuing arms to its supporters, mostly Indian, with which to defend their newly-won land and their mines, summarily nationalized.

Nationalization, however, has not proved the signal success it was hoped it might be. A handful of politicians and officials are much enriched, but the mines are broke and the miners unpaid. The peasants





for their part have broken up the big estates but mulishly refuse to farm more land than each needs for himself and his family, with the inevitable upshot that vast areas of fertile country in the Cochabamba and Jungas regions are lying fallow and the rest of the country has nothing to eat. The miners and the peasants—Indians of the Aymara tribe whom not even the Incas could subdue—who dearly love a little butchery, who chew coca pellets and have a fondness for pure alcohol, are now armed.

If they do not come to blows among themselves, miner and peasant, they are likely to take over the country from the families of Spanish and mixed descent who have been building up large dollar bank balances at Bolivia's expense for years. Bolivia will revert to the state of anarchy that already exists on the land and which the Press now reports as existing in some of the remoter tin mines in the Cordillera where the miners have taken matters into their own hands. What they have done with the Government overseers, mostly appointed

because they were friends of the minister and very civil chaps, is not known. The Aymara women, who seem such patient, plodding creatures, are said to be unusually skilful with their long silver shawl pins.

So La Paz waits. Immense loans have been poured into the country by the U.S.A., but the flow has dried up at its source and the Americans have gone home, or to Peru. Most of the railways and power plants, however, are still British-owned and run; so also is the Fabulosa group of tin mines, which I have just visited. The British hang on and hope, panting slightly under the physical strain of living at a high altitude, dicing for drinks in the club, appointing one another to committees and sub-committees to put up a good show for the Coronation.

HOWARD CLEWES

2 2

"A SETBACK FOR PREMONITION
Bandoola Wins at Sandown"
The Times

Never play a hunch.

601

PELICAN

THE pelican is larger than the lark,
But somewhat smaller than the quondam dodo;
His habitat is in St. James's Park,
He walks with dignity, like Bishop Odo,
But swims with understanding, like the Snark.
His motto is *suaviter in modo*,

And, naturally, *fortiter in re*;
Which is to say, he is a bird most deadly,
And should not be repressed in any way,
Or else he flaps his wings and blushes redly,
Which much upsets the bandmen as they play
Their light and lunch-time operatic medley.

R. P. LISTER

I EXPECT your big invitation for the year was Lucy Ellesmere-Scrant's. It was for most people. It means that, in some sense or other, you've arrived. That the poem you read on the Third, or the by-election you contested so pluckily and unsuccessfully, or the journey you made almost to the Gobi Desert, or even your brief appearance in the famous Shackerby divorce case, did not pass entirely unnoticed.

Be sure that Lucy Ellesmere-Scrant would not have invited you unless she thought that your little effort, in whatever field, was—at any rate for the moment—"interesting." Don't inquire too closely what Lucy means by "interesting." Although it is the concept on which her whole social life depends—and she has long ago given up any hope of a private life—she could

their paces. As a first step in your trial by ordeal, Lucy will look at you very closely for a moment, as though you might be the cook's boy-friend got in by mistake, and then, with a triumphant cry—"I know whom you must meet," she will say; "Marjorie White-Rennett."

Mrs. White-Rennett has to be disengaged from earnest conversation with someone who appears to be her oldest friend, and this, perhaps, puts your introduction at a disadvantage. At the mention of your name, her smile, though sweet, is vague enough to assure you that she has no idea of your identity. Once again, however, you would be mistaken. Lucy and Marjorie run in team; Marjorie's dinners are complementary to Lucy's cocktails.



ON PARTIES—

not give you any positive definition. "Interesting people" for her are those whom she vaguely senses it might one day be unwise not to have invited to her parties. Her feverish occupation is to make sure of "finding" such people before any other hostess.

Of course, in doing so she inevitably runs the risk of asking people who ultimately do not make the grade. But she is very quick to weed out such failures. Indeed, statistically the wastage is very high, about forty-five per cent. As she says herself, however, "Social life just couldn't go on unless hostesses were prepared to take a chance."

It is perhaps the fact that your invitation was rather a gamble which causes Lucy to look through you when you first arrive. All memory of your little poem, your plucky canvassing, your heroic journey seems quite to have left her. Make no mistake, however, she remembers perfectly well; she wouldn't have asked you otherwise. But newcomers have to be put in their places, to say nothing of through

Not that she will give the game away too soon. Be sure there will be no mention of your poem, your election, your voyage, your evidence, on this occasion. Marjorie will probably pin-point your home town and then fire a series of questions at you. "Do you know the Lowndses? Mrs. Kettle? Old Lord Bog? The Quoppits?" Probably you will know none of them, and her face will express neither surprise nor pleasure. But if, by some lucky chance, you did know Milly Kettle at one time and embark enthusiastically on your admiration for that old bore, Marjorie, throwing her head back, will look at you with half-closed eyes and wrinkled nose.

Over each of your shoulders in turn she will smile and wave to other guests. Occasionally she will shout to friends—"No sign of Nina," "Tom's left for Madrid after all," and so on. At last, as you are hurrying nervously through your account of Mrs. Kettle's garden party, she will suddenly call, "Darling

Ronnie" and, touching your hand ever so lightly with her fingers, "So nice," she will say and be gone.

There still await you, however, the ordeals by youth and by old age. The ordeal by youth, perhaps, will come in the person of Roderick Mome, the most brilliant of our older university's aesthetes. Roderick specializes in rudeness. Willowing above you, "I *hated* your little poem," he will say, or "That dreary voyage of yours. Thank God, you never *got* to the Gobi Desert. That would have been *too much*." And if, at last, enraged, you try rudeness in return, Roderick will turn to his young woman—there is always one with him, usually with a mat of horsetail hanging down her back like an old flue-brush—"He's not very good at being rude, is he, sweet?" Roderick will say, and the young woman will

—BEING A GUEST

answer: "Oh! definitely a failure."

Ordeal by old age may well come through Mrs. Crayfer. Brilliant Henrietta Crayfer who knew Meredith—now so very, very old. Not that Mrs. Crayfer will let you talk of Meredith—certainly not. The price of chickens, a new type of boiler she saw at a friend's house in Suffolk, the defects of her refrigerator—these are her chosen topics. And then, just as she is dismissing you, you manage to get out Meredith's name. Mrs. Crayfer pounces. "Dear Mr. Meredith," she says, "he would have been sadly lost in modern conversation. Although I dare say with his brilliance he might have made something even of refrigerators and boilers."

* * * * *

Defeated and trembling, you decide to depart, when, lo! Marjorie White-Rennett, all smiles, says, "Dinner on Tuesday. Eight o'clock. Just a few real friends. Don't say you can't, because I count on you." It's all right really.

ANGUS WILSON



MESSAGE FOR LORD NELSON

MURMURATION of London starlings, wheeling about the Admiral's hat,
Here's a message for Admiral Nelson, telling him what we are playing at.
You who chatter and swoop and hover, round the steeples and up and down:
Play the part of the old-time frigates; bring him the gossip of London Town.

Be pleased to inform his Lordship why he's hearing
Sounds as of shipwrights building in the Mall;
Tell him of baulks of English timber rearing
For reasons sure to delight the Admiral;
That June will bring him the sound of a people cheering
A Queen and her sailor Consort as they go;
And be pleased to inform his Lordship Admiral Nelson
That we're all fine and hearty down below.

Be pleased to inform his Lordship (here be forceful)
That Britain is sound as ever the Admiral's ships,
That none of his kinsfolk lapsed, or were ever remorseful
For the words once flown by his flags and framed by his lips,
That Britain has still a secret Trojan horseful
Of qualities that his Lordship used to know;
So, be pleased to inform his Lordship Admiral Nelson
That we're all fine and hearty down below.

Murmuration of London starlings, here is the message we trust to you;
Soar above us and tell the Admiral some of the things we're trying to do:
Things which were close to his heart—and others: things he never would understand,
But all of them part of our bounden duty, in and beyond our own loved land.
You who chatter and swoop for ever, round St. Martin's and up and down,
Play the part of the old-time frigates, and bring him the gossip of London Town.

BERNARD FERGUSON



A Day in the Clamm Country

THE literary pilgrim seeking a stimulating field-walk at this time of the year cannot do better than undertake an exploration of the region immortalized by that strangely neglected writer, Augustus Clamm, in his curiously unread novel "Twisted Ploughshares."

The area concerned is, of course, that part of the Riddlesoake Wold between the Prowl and Clabbering Edge, taking in Muffley Dank and the purple, mizzen-haunted bowllows of the Clatchwell Blukes.

Who can set foot in this peculiarly adhesive country without at once sensing the contagious intimacy of it all; the turgid individuality of its essentially stagnant simplicity?

It is thirty-one miles to Snaggering Ragg from Crawpington Grill, and another nine from Fittle to Speet. Two hours of rapid rambling westward and we are in the very heart of the Clamm country. Snofington Bollow is the place where Farnbery trudged through the loam to meet Liki after the fatal flute contest. Beyond it, slightly below and partly cornerwise, is Crangle Darn, into which Brody threw the incriminating cider-press with which his half-crazed cousin had killed his ill-destined half-brother.

A rewarding fourteen miles over the sleet-swept Blukes takes us to the small town of Snidder, that "self-consciously angular" place where "after a sumptuous repast" Brody "literally stormed" from door to door seeking with the "eagerness" of one pursued by a thousand scorpions for "at least a sign" of the sylph-like mysterious creature he had met in such strange circumstances the evening before the upheaval "in the barn."

If you decide to take in Drackley Sneer, with its strange Stoddering Stone—significantly ignored in all of Clamm's novels—you should retrace the middle section of the Trugging route; then follow the Riggett as far as the dyke-crest and recross the Boggel, keeping the Spaddle-hole, believed to be bottomless, either on the left or the right.

Another spot which must not be missed by the Clamm devotee is the dog-legged tunnel on the branch line between Trugging Junction and Whissel. It was while the late afternoon train was passing through it—swiftly bearing, unbeknown to each other, both Charles and the hardly-used Henrietta to the spot where they were so narrowly to miss witnessing the encounter of Chalkwell's maid with his ambitious aunt—that Bertrand imparted to Dr. Handworth the plan which was to be his ultimate undoing.

It is not quite clear whether Sprotmore Cree or Tadleigh Brow is the Badgery Tann of "Twisted Ploughshares," but in either case we can readily picture Liki standing there at nightfall in one of her unpredictable moods, wondering whether she had done right, after all, in poisoning all three of her sisters so suddenly and joylessly.

Whichever way his feet may turn, in fact, the wanderer in this strangely infectious country will stumble across innumerable reminders of Clamm's unflagging, unflinching fantasy. And though, at last, he may be forced to turn his



back upon its bog-begirt crags and crunnels, and though he may perhaps in time shake from his apparel the more tangible traces of his pilgrimage, he will find, inevitably, that there is a residue which, recalling the motto of Chalkwell's uncle's much maligned ladies' outfitting establishment at Snidder, "stays forever."

DOUGLAS GARDNER

MAY MIST

THE full dawn chorus sounded noisier
than usual; then suddenly all was still
save for the wren in the branches of the osier
whose notes, faint, clear and brief,
fell on the ear like raindrops on a leaf.
The sun was orange as a blackbird's bill.
So thick was the mist it muffled the voice of the dog
barking three farms away—
but it was mist, May mist:
flossy, with none of the clamminess of fog:
it was full of light: a glow-illuminated, grey
softness of light, that bloomed each twig and spray
of leaf, on hedge and tree, and every fist
of every daisy in the spilt Milky Way
of daisies, and every blade of morning grass.

Spring, like Narcissus, knelt beside the brook
and breathed this mist upon its looking-glass.
Over her shoulder the hot sun stooped to look
and, as she turned her startled face to his,
sucked in his breath and hers in the same kiss.

R. C. SCRIVEN

LETTER FROM A HORSE

Hide Park, W.

8 a.m., Tues.

DEAR Mr. P.,—Not being a dab hand at letter writing please excuse spelling etc., but I write from the hart and, as a matter of fact, from the harness, being engaged in an early nosebag, bottom of Park Lane, while the master delivers in Curzon Street, as I am just a labouring animal drawing milk. That by the way.

It is not often, no doubt, that a working pony of humble origins springs to the defence of its betters, but after what I seen this past fortnight, my first tour of duty in the West End, having previously drawn milk in Bethnal Green, where at least they treat their hoarises like human beings, I am impelled to speak. It is a scandal. Talk about the hoarse being the friend of man, that won't go on long at this rate.

First of all, these men come. Every morning regular on the stroke of seven, all dressed alike in greeny-brown and carrying gnus. They do not fire the gnus, but fling them on their shoulders, and slap them, and bang them on the ground when shouted at saying "slo-o-o-ope . . . bark!" "Or-der . . . bark!" etc. Then other men come, not with gnus but with things for noise-making, polished very dazzling except the big round one kept for hitting.

Now let me come to my fellow-creatures (though naturally on a higher plain) to wit the hoarises. They are very well groomed and refined-looking, and I know from whispers in the local dairy stables that they have fine names such as Eisenhower, Tedder, Cunningham etc., supposed to be compliments, it is not known why, give me something a bit less eye-falooting myself, but there it is, men are funny.

Now what happens, I will tell you.

These Cunninghams etc. are harnessed to a lot of old cabs, if you can believe that, Sir. One of the men drives but there is noone inside, which does not make sense either. All the men with gnus line the road called Serpentine Road as it passes a quite pond so named (that by the

way), and keep very still. And one or two more men, without gnus but with smoother coats and very short manes, stand in front of them and keep very still too. And all the men with noise-makers stand at one end, and they keep very still. It

is all very pieciful, a fine spring morning, cold but suny, that could be good to be alive on for man or beast. That is, until the men gee-up Tedder and Eisenhower and the rest, and they begin drawing their cabs along Serpentine Road.

Then it starts.

Well, Sir, I can only say that the first time it happened, I jumped on to the pavement at the corner of Brompton Road, so you can tell. I thought it was one of those atom booms you get in A Merry Car.

TA-RA, TA-RA, TA-RA! went the noise makers. TA-ROOTLE-TI-ROO-TI-TA! And the round one went BAM-BAM-BAM! BAM-BAM-BAM! And the men with smooth coats began to ball all together. And the others all stamped their feet and slammed their gnus. And everyone tried to make more noise than everyone else. "Slo-o-ope . . ." (TA-RA, TA-RA, TA-RA!) "... bark!" "Order . . ." (TA-ROOTLE-TI-ROO) "... bark!" "Pre-sent . . ." (BAM-BAM-BAM!) "... bark!" And, sometimes, "Slo-o-o . . ." (TA-RA, TA-RA!) "... o-o-o-o-o ..." (CRASH!) "... o-o-ope . . ." (BAM-BAM!) "... bark!" And the bark and the BAM! always saved up until a hoarse's ear was as close as it could get. And there, going through the middle of it, were Eisenhower and Tedder, etc.



Now. As is well known, a hoarse is partial to soft speech, hissing, pats and the like, not men shouting and balling in one ear and blowing in the other with noise-makers. I am asking the same question as Tedder and Cunningham, etc., to wit—Why? Where is the sense? What is the explanation, except that of horrible cruelty and malice to hoarises? It is not as if once was enough, and they had had their joke and gone home, because no sooner was the old cabs pulled through the torment to one end of Serpentine Road than they are turned and pulled back through another lot, and when the men began to shout "Pre-sent . . ." (TA-ROOTLE-TI-TOO) they always waited for a hoarse's ear to bark! into, and when the poor creatures passed the noise makers they leant forward and let fly their loudest, so it was a put-up job, Sir, as could also be told by the smurks of the men with gnus when the hoarises reared and went sideways with rolled eyes while their drivers remarked to them "Be a good boy," as if you could expect it under the circumstances.

So there it is, and I hope to be passed to the proper quarter. As I say, I write not on my own behoof, but the behooves of oppressed fellow-creatures, also as a Warning. Because if this gets around among hoarises they won't race or work on the railways or anything and small wonder do you blame them. There'll be a strike, that's what, and not only by big nobis like Tedder and Eisenhower and Cunningham, but such lesser breeds as

Your humble servant,
BOOTHROYD

2 2

"In a friendly village the hero finds a beautiful captive girl whom he recognizes as the daughter of the scientist who had conducted the disastrous expedition. She tells him all about the head-hunters, the golden goddess, and leads him on his perilous way. It would be unfair to tell how the film progresses from here, but it may be said again that it is cramped with romance and action."

New Screen News, Melbourne

Rises above it, though.



"He isn't in; could I take a message?"

FAROUK'S TRINKETS

EX-KING FAROUK may have a certain political importance, but ex-collector Farouk is more exciting. The last Byzantine monarch's appetite for *objets d'art* (with or without virtue) was not the least of his Gargantuan capacities. Even with more time it would have been hard work to evacuate the accumul^{us} stered in so many palaces of art. When Farouk left for a permanent crawl of the Mediterranean casinos, Neguib's Egypt inherited a tidy stock of the old firm's merchandise.

Turning its back on a not undistinguished tradition of dealing,

Egypt acted like a discriminating trustee and quietly consulted Sotheby's (who understand trade). Sotheby's sent out their accomplished Mr. Tim Clarke, who not only understands such things but the Middle East as well. Mr. Clarke is now quietly sorting through Farouk's toy-cupboards, and making catalogues which will become an essential part of the literature of collecting.

For Sotheby's historical collections are a matter of daily experience; it is difficult to excite a firm which, as a matter of weekly routine, sells art for prices which are

so high you need an auctioneer's rostrum to reach them. But the Farouk collections are possibly the largest to be sold in modern times, and even Sotheby's are a little excited at the prospect. For though Farouk's miscellanea will not be sold until next year, the world's connoisseurs are already feeling a touch of buying ague in anticipation. In Cairo next February every shake of that ague will cost money, and even the softest currencies in the world will harden for an extra special effort.

What the Farouk collections comprise is not yet certainly known, although his almost complete American coins, his important Fabergé, his fabulous glass paper-weights, his magnificent gold boxes, have been, in their accumulation, a great solace to an antique-trade doing its best in a tax-inhibited world. But even one palace can hold a terrible lot of even gold coins; and paper-weights are hardly ever more than four inches in diameter.

Two considerations raised by the Farouk collections are (a) how beautiful are they? and (b) how much will they bring? As with other philosophical questions these are difficult to answer. Beauty is so far uncatalogued, and money shows no commission until spent. Farouk's taste was in all things expensive, so that objects in metal will tend to be gold; furniture will probably be of the ormolu-mounted eighteenth century; carpets and tapestries will be magnificent; porcelain will (at a guess) be more eminent than pottery because it is prettier and dearer; paintings will show an indiscriminating taste for exotic nudes, some of which may, accidentally, be by good artists who paint realistically. They will all be expensively framed.

As to price—if you are thinking of bidding—excitement in American circles, anxiety in Paris, and precision calculation in London make it clear that Farouk is worth just as much money as an ex-collector as he was in the palmy days when his royal warrant was a highly embellished meal-ticket. This is one auction no buyer with the odd few thousand to spare need leave empty-handed.

WOLF MANKOWITZ

Still More Intolerable

AMOS AND ETHICS

ALMOST any manifestation of what he calls "ethics" arouses Amos Intolerable's fury, but he is above all exacerbated by the slightest hint of an ethical or moral attitude to sport. Once he steamed for almost the whole of one evening because, on the way to the pub, he had encountered an old gentleman who had looked aside from watching a group of small boys playing cricket against a lamp-post to observe in a tone of "nauseatingly respectful approval" that they were splendidly keen, weren't they; and recently he was roused to passion when somebody brought out the familiar opinion that a disgracefully large number of people watched sport instead of playing themselves.

"Tell me," Amos snarled to the inoffensive speaker, "what are your feelings when you look at a theatre audience?"

"Er—" said the man, baffled.

Amos bent forward and poked him in the chest, saying "Do you disapprove of all those unenterprising people who just sit there watching a play instead of acting in one?" Before the man could reply to this Amos went on "Have you ever thought what would happen if the average moron now safely occupied in reading took to writing instead?"

"Oh," said the man, looking round with an indulgent half-smile, "that's different."

"How is it different?" Amos almost yelled. After a moment he went on at the top of his voice "Do you realize that if I gave you a chance you'd put forward the horrifying explanation that it's different because playing games is a noble and laudable thing to do"—he all but spat out the adjectives—"whereas pursuing one of the arts is a bit dubious and not worth bothering about?"

It became clear to us from the man's expression that he was going to say something like "Well, you know— isn't it?" and so, as there was a great deal of glass on the table, which would have come expensive, we hastily spilt some beer over them both as a distraction.

Amos's interest in words is as strong and unpredictable as ever; it is never wise to count on his attitude either for or against. I once remarked that I had seen outside a provincial dance-hall a notice following the American fashion of spelling "to-night"—"CONTEST TONITE," and another member of the company rashly said that he had been scandalized to see a similar one himself in London.

Amos leaned back with a beam of deceptive affability and said to the second speaker "Are you aware that to scandalize is to trice up the tack of the spanker on a square-rigged vessel?" and when the man said uneasily "What's that got to do with it?" Amos proceeded "I was asking you—particularly as tonite is,

as, of course, you know, an explosive made from pulverized guncotton."

This seemed as good a way as any of killing the subject.

He has always shown a tendency to be late in discovering quite ordinary facts of everyday life. Once he burst in, after being in the country for one night to deliver a lecture (so he said), full of the news that a great many railway restaurant-cars had been replaced by buffet-cars, and he was for a moment disconcerted by our chorus of astonishment that he had not known this before. He was beginning to show signs of annoyance when someone casually interjected "What did you have?"

This proved to be what he had been working up to tell us. His eye gleamed.

An evening meal, apparently, had been quite edible, though he did make a slighting reference to mashed potatoes which he described as "clouds of solidified steam" and an ice that might have been made in a Hollywood snow-machine. It was breakfast he wanted to talk about.

"Toast . . ." he said hoarsely, and paused, still without having sat down or acquired a drink. "Railway buffet-car toast is, quite simply, a slice of brown cushion in a concrete frame. As I sat there teasing it," he went on, his voice beginning to rise and fall as if he were intoning a line of verse to which he had no particular objection (though I admit that very few people can know how he performs this rare feat), "I was confronted by that particular kind of streaky bacon which is composed of strands of very . . . salt . . . wet . . . wool, held apart by strips of lard."

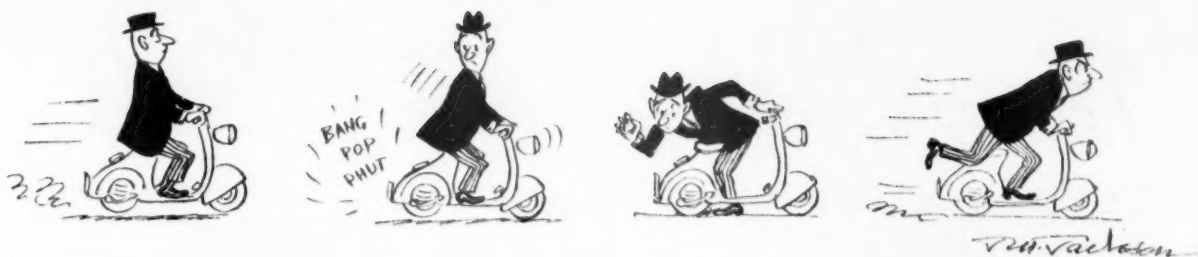
"Lard!" said a tall man with a moustache. "Nobody gets lard nowadays. Cooking fat they call it."

Who knows what might have happened at this point, if Amos had not been reminded by the word "salt" that he was thirsty?

When he described someone as being "as fat as a rake" we could see him watching our expressions from the tail of his eye. The atmosphere of inquiry having become thick enough, he then explained that he meant an eighteen-stone Regency rake named, if I heard him aright, Lord August Orgy.

RICHARD MALLETT





banishment without reason or appeal—imposed, be it said, irrespective of party—the more so as, on the Parliament side, Cromwell stays. True, almost dislodged by benches, he will get a poor view of it all, but that he would take any-way.

And the Generals and the Admirals (it would need a special grant to eclipse Nelson) have escaped even so much as a finger laid on them! Is this fair? Haven't they done their worst too? It may be, of course, that a series of last minute raids has been planned; that, man and horse, they will vanish in a surprise attack—themselves unsurprised—on the very eve. Let us hope so; or there will be murmurings that better strings can be pulled at the uniformed than at the black-coat end of Whitehall.

Others, under eaves and in alcoves, are presumably raised above controversy. The Home Office can boast a distinguished gathering of Lands, Pursuits, Sciences, Crafts and Arts, who will bring their high seriousness to bear on the occasion. There they sit or recline; in one hand is posed a melon, compasses, writing tablets; the left breast (but how irreproachably) remains bare. If in the heat of the day horseplay should develop anywhere, it won't be, we may assure ourselves, here. None of Mr. Epstein's anthropoids has succeeded, I think, in climbing to a vantage point on the actual route, though the possibility should not be overlooked.

But there are—let us not relax vigilance—within sight of Parliament and Abbey, by the dozen and the score, huge, shaggy, indefinable male creatures whose heads struggle out of stone itself! Who or what they are, these savagely immured

beings of the Treasury, how they got there, what their hopes and intentions, could hardly be guessed. Their looks, as they thrust through port-holes or between floors, we may appraise for ourselves—sad, unbridled, with locks cascading, manes rioting into beards, eagle's-wing moustaches; one moustache (on the corner of King Charles Street) even being woven—horrible fancy!—into two long pigtailed or plaits. Here are dogfish in the hair, storm-tossed vessels. Oceanic is the

threat; and although, as yet, imprisoned to the neck, these natures seem quite other than those fatherly ones similarly left buried in Margate sands. Are they reliable? We may well ask. I think here the Provost Marshal's office have certainly a case for screening, political or actual.

However, the Day will come (and let's hope it's a fine one), controversy will have been laid aside, and one thing is certain: nobody will grudge Charles I his privilege of the best view in London.

G. W. STONIER

ALWAYS THE GENTLEMAN

GENTLEMAN, owing to sudden change of plan,
Offers ten seats on the choicest part of the route.
(No doubt the gentleman is taking his family to Cannes—
Mum and five kids and Sis and her family to boot,
A largish party for any gentleman
And one not easy to suit.)

Willing to dispose of them at original price
To applicant, preferably visitor from overseas.
(Always the gentleman, ready to sacrifice
Personal profit for a gesture in times like these.
And overseas currency—dollars to be precise—
Doesn't just grow on trees.)

Lots of gentlemen offering seats, as though
It were not so much a Queen's Coronation day
As the latest, lavish imported musical show,
Or something special in the way of an air display,
Or a new variety billed for a month or so
And featuring Danny Kaye.

But we, whose Queen will be crowned and who would,
no doubt,
Run barefoot to Jericho if she commanded it—
We must ask these gentlemen to count us out,
And gather the rags of our dignity round us, and sit
At home, and let the B.B.C. tell us all about
The gentlemen's benefit.

P. M. HUBBARD



Monday, May 11

The Diplomatic Gallery is usually a good indication of the probable importance

House of Commons:
Churchill's
Conducted Tour

of a Parliamentary occasion, and to-day it was crowded to overflowing, even though it had been extended to about three times its normal area. Into the Peers' Gallery squeezed as many Noble Lords as usually make a House in their own Chamber. The public galleries could not have found space for another child; even the Press Gallery was full to overflowing. For this was An Occasion. Sir WINSTON CHURCHILL, acting Foreign Secretary as well as Prime Minister, was to make his biggest speech on foreign affairs since the war.

With only a graceful tribute to invalid ANTHONY EDEN as preliminary, he moved us off on our tour of the world, remarking (as do many of the best *couriers*) that he did not get his knowledge of things from books, but from living intimately with history as it went along.

On my left, ladies and gentlemen—Korea. Excavations are going on here to find a Truce thought to be buried deep beneath a vast mound of delay and verbiage. ("I shall be

quite content if we can get a truce here," confided the Guide, as one who warns that the Set Tea offered is none too good.)

Straight ahead, ladies and gentlemen, *Indo-China*. Things do not look very good here, but maybe the rainy season will damp the ardour of the Communist rebels and promote the growth of olive-branches. Anyway, it should not too readily be assumed that the seed of the trouble was exported from Moscow—it might be a local weed.

Next stop, *Egypt*. Conditions here are not at all good, since the Prime Minister, General Neguib (pronounced Nee-gwib) was finding it desirable to court as much popularity as possible and was doing so by the sure-fire method of taking it out of the British. The British did not enjoy keeping 80,000 men there, costing £50 million a year, but they did it in the interest of world security. Sorry, but we had just missed the quaint old ceremony in which General Neguib "washed his hands" of the talks with us over the Canal Zone—but, if he got rough, well, we had enough fighting men there to take care of ourselves.

Shall we move on? *Germany*. More excavations here, to find (1) a basis on which France and Germany might, at long last, become firm friends; (2) the foundations of an understanding between Germany and Russia. ("Something on the Locarno Treaty model, I think, with guarantees to each side against attack by the other.")

While we are here, look far over to the Left—that's *Soviet Russia*. A number of Amicable Gestures have recently been unearthed here.

And so on, right round the globe. Not once did anybody interrupt, except for three or four short, sharp cheers and one rather astonished burst of laughter. This came when the Prime Minister was saying that, if it was not found possible to get a world settlement in one sweeping

conference, he would be quite content to have a "pigmeal" settlement. Members scratched their heads in their efforts to work out what they took to be a particularly subtle Churchillism, and Sir WINSTON sensed that something was amiss. A correction was hissed into his ear, and with a grin he said: "Yes—*piecemeal*; a piecemeal settlement!"

He believed a conference of leaders of the Powers on the highest level should take place without delay, in privacy and seclusion, and with as few officials and advisers as possible, to see if they could clear the way for something more formal, and in which the participants could at least bring themselves to see the unwisdom of tearing the human race, including themselves, to pieces, and realize their responsibility if they failed to agree.

At worst, this conference could establish more intimate contacts between world leaders, at best it might bring peace for a generation. Anyway, why should anybody be afraid of having a try, cried Sir





BOOKING OFFICE

Sand Castle

Lélia: The Life of George Sand. André Maurois. Translated from the French by Gerard Hopkins. Illustrated. Cape, 25/-

GEORGE SAND has been written of endlessly, but M. André Maurois approaches her from an unusual angle. His interest grew from the fact that her novels were the first grown-up books given to Marcel Proust by his mother and grandmother. Even in his maturity Proust liked Sand's writing. That certainly lends her work a new interest. In addition to this, M. Maurois discovered unpublished Sand material. He set out to write a look about her that would avoid the hostility and ridicule that her life and ideas almost inevitably arouse. He has been brilliantly successful. It is possible to disagree with some of his conclusions, but from start to finish the story (well translated) is absorbing.

Madame de Staël and George Sand have always seemed to me the two most dreadful women of the 19th century: perhaps of any age. Their energy, pretentiousness, egotism, vulgarity, lack of principle, inability to know their own minds, and delight in meddling with matters which had nothing whatever to do with themselves, made them a blight on the whole epoch in which each lived. Any attempt to mitigate the lamentable impression either of them still wafts across the years is therefore welcome. In George Sand's case let us glance at the facts.

Born in 1804, Aurore Dupin de Francueil was the daughter of an army officer married to a woman



more or less a prostitute. Much play is made by M. Maurois (as by Sand herself) that she was a great-granddaughter of Marshal Saxe, illegitimate son of Augustus of Saxony, King of Poland, by a lady of the Koenigsmark family. No doubt this was a remarkable heredity, but it must be remembered that of her sixteen great-great-grandparents only one was a king and one a Koenigsmark, the remaining fourteen being a mixture of minor nobility and, at times, perhaps rather unusually disreputable lower middle class. This point seems worth mentioning as her behaviour is perpetually ascribed to her royal blood, when in fact, there must have been scores of people about then with the blood of Augustus II or many other minor potentates flowing in their veins.

Aurore was an heiress with a country house and a comfortable, if not enormous, income. At eighteen she married the illegitimate, but recognized, son of a baron of the Empire, thus keeping up the extraordinary tendency of her family to prefer the wrong side of the blanket. It soon turned out that her husband, a simple, good-natured, perhaps rather coarse fellow, was quite inadequate for such a woman. She had always had a taste for wearing men's clothes and smoking cigars. It was not long before she was installed in Paris, living with a lover called Sandeau (from whom the pseudonym "Sand" ultimately derived) and producing the first of her seventy or more novels.

From the moment that she appeared in Paris, George Sand became identified with the fascinating literary life of that era in

France. She had a string of lovers of whom Musset and Chopin are perhaps the best known, although she by no means restricted herself to men of genius. M. Maurois takes episode after episode, telling it frankly yet sympathetically. Every time, we begin to feel that, after all, there is something we can like about her; the past can be forgiven; on this occasion she is going to behave well. Yet again and again M. Maurois's skilful advocacy breaks down. Sand acts so abominably that it is impossible to sustain the great scaffolding of excuses that have been built up.

She was, when it came to the point, inordinately dishonest with herself. Never was a woman given greater opportunities to test her high pretensions. In the end it was her lovers who hated her most of all. The men who behaved well towards her were Mérimée, who had had a somewhat embarrassing encounter with her, and Vigny, who disliked her, suspecting her equivocal relations with his beautiful mistress, Marie Dorval. Baudelaire, moving in rather different circles, loathed her. "She is no artist," he wrote, "She has that famous, easy style so dear to the bourgeois heart. She is stupid, she is heavy, she is garrulous. There is in her moral ideas about as much depth of thought, as much sensibility, as you would find in a *concierge* or a kept woman." She was certainly the Queen of Middlebrows.

Sand gave scarcely veiled accounts of her own love affairs in her novels, including even letters actually written or received. She put an offensive picture of poor Chopin into one book, and then read it aloud to him; but he was too polite to comment. At the height of her "Communist" political period she kept eight or nine servants, to say nothing of innumerable "dailies"; and, although she did not like to hear people talking of *masters* and

servants, she was very insistent that the domestic work was not scamped. As she grew older she settled down at her country house, Nohant, surrounded by a horde of young men.

Théophile Gautier stayed there in 1863, and left an account of it. "The subject of these morning dissertations is usually linguistic—how, for instance, *d'ailleurs* and *meilleur* should be pronounced, with much jollity and a great many lavatory jokes. Ugh! But not a word, mark you, about sex. I got the idea that if one so much as mentioned the horrid thing, out one would go! . . ." She died in 1876. M. Maurois's biography of her is both instructive and extraordinarily entertaining.

ANTHONY POWELL

A Civilized Man

Thomas Love Peacock. Olwen Campbell. *Arthur Barker*, 7/6

Lewis Carroll's deflection into plane algebraical geometry meets its match in Peacock's tireless researches into steam navigation for oriental waters, which filled thirty volumes in the records of the East India Company. The other side of the brilliant lunacy of "Crotchet Castle" and the rest of the novels was a well-regulated life of epicurean fastidiousness, a life of hard work modified only by the sensible principle of keeping the summer so far as possible for pleasure. To Peacock this meant sailing on the Thames, going for enormous walks, reading tirelessly and composing exquisite dinners.

He was first of all a scholar and a practical man, and afterwards the author of fiction so odd that it has never been successfully imitated. Accounts of his character are far from unanimous, but about this most enviable contemporary portrait there is a ring of truth: "a warm-hearted, genial man, indulgent to himself, but not less indulgent to others."

Into the brief space of this wise little biography in the English Novelists Series Miss Campbell compresses a great deal of information and sound criticism without any trace of literary indigestion. Those to whom the unique flavour of Peacock came as a minor revelation during the recent run of *Nightmare Abbey* at the Westminster Theatre will find it an excellent introduction to the man and the novels.

In her easily shared affection for him Miss Campbell worries lest, as some did at the time, we think him a cad for his wonderful satire on Shelley in *Nightmare Abbey*. The short answer is that Shelley accepted Seythrop as himself, and was delighted. His close friendship with Peacock was strangely assorted, but profitable to both. Peacock brought

him to the Classics, and looked after his affairs, while in return he gave Peacock an allowance during his lean years and introduced him to two mad families in Berkshire who provided endless copy.

With something of Samuel Butler in his resistance to humbug, Peacock was one of the sanest of satirists. He distrusted "the march of the mind," which he felt was encroaching on the simple pleasures of life. In his old age he was reluctant to visit a London poisoned by gas and tobacco. And there was judgment in his crustiness, for he wrote: "Science is an edged tool, with which men play like children, and cut their own fingers . . . I almost think it is the ultimate destiny of science to exterminate the human race."

ERIC KEOWN

The Life and Death of Sylvia. Edgar Mittelholzer. *Secker and Warburg*, 15/-

Sylvia, born in British Guiana, is the daughter of a white business man and a coloured woman. She occupies a place in one of the higher strata of a society complicated by many subtle distinctions of class and colour. When her father dies, his family is swindled out of the money that should have come to them, and Sylvia drifts from job to job, finally dying of pneumonia because she has lost the desire to live. The first half of the book contains several admirable portraits, in particular that of Sylvia's lazy, loquacious, intelligent father, Grantley Russell; the tender but finally harmful relationship between father and daughter is beautifully handled.

Sylvia's sluttish mother is also well drawn, and Mr. Mittelholzer mirrors the community through a wide range of high-coloured, East Indian and Portuguese characters. The second half of the book is

weakened by the author's uncertainty whether he is dissecting the society of British Guiana or analyzing Sylvia's character, but she remains to the end a genuinely pathetic and likeable heroine.

J. S.

Children's Toys Throughout the Ages. Leslie Daiken. *Batsford*, 25/-

Here, with its lists of toy collections, 116 pages of illustration (mostly photographs), tail-piece sketches and extensive bibliography, is something for the collector as well as for the delighted historian who traces, by little clues, the pattern of the past. The author gives a fillip to the nostalgia of those who are old enough to remember penny toys and the magic of the glass marble—"a twisted spire of filaments, thin music translated into coloured glass."

The book is full of enchanting quotations, yet fact prevails over fiction, and we learn that the "dolls" buried with the child-slaves of the Egyptians were not toys but "answerers" for their souls. The working of sand and water toys are explained. Musical boxes, toy soldiers, "baby-houses" are explained. The author's own style is a bit turgid—"To the psychologist, toys are a means of measuring the extent of a child's engram-complexes, or analyzing its behaviour." Those bits don't matter—the play's the thing—and we have a grand book about many sorts of play.

B. E. B.

Operation Ballerina. "Selwyn." *Hodder & Stoughton*, 10/6

The secret agent. The blonde. The gun. The coincidences. The brutality. The sentences ending with three full-stops. The sentences without principal verbs. The chunks of tense prose framed in rows of



asterisks. The code . . . All the tricks of the thriller-writer's trade, from John Buchan to Hank Janson, come tumbling out in this rumbustious account of a Civil Servant's illicit visit to Russia in search of the ballerina he loved. Balletomanes, alas, will find nothing in it for them; nor will serious students of crime literature; but tired citizens desiring to while away a train-journey between London and (say) Chatham will find it just the thing.

B. A. Y.



AT THE PLAY

King Henry VIII (OLD VIC)
The Apple Cart (HAYMARKET)
Over the Moon (PICCADILLY)

THE presence of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh lent greatly added point to the first night of *King Henry VIII*—a patchy play, but one whose special references make it a happy choice for the Coronation season. *Cranmer's* speech prophesying glory for Princess Elizabeth has needed only slight adjustment to become an eloquent expression of our own feelings, and the comments of the citizens watching *Anne Bullen's* Coronation procession are so topical that every line drew a laugh.

If Mr. TYRONE GUTHRIE were asked to give form and discipline to the rush hour in Piccadilly I have no doubt he could do it. His skill in bringing excitement to the movement of large crowds has never been better demonstrated than in this production. Miss TANYA MOISEWITSCH's attractive permanent set swarms with life and colour, and, as is characteristic of Mr. GUTHRIE, these mass manoeuvres are enlivened by many small quirks of behaviour. In these, not for the first time, he has here and there been carried beyond prudence. Can there be any justification for showing *Cardinal Campeius* in the final stages of tuberculosis? Visually, however, this production triumphs; its weakness lies in the acting of two vital parts.

Miss GWEN FERANGCON-DAVIES's *Katharine*, already seen at Stratford, is among the most moving performances of our generation. Mr. LEO GENN's *Buckingham* has such impressive sincerity that we are more than conventionally sorry for his early execution. Mr. WILLIAM SQUIRE's *Cranmer* and Mr. NEWTON BLICK's fuddled Coronation spectator also meet the occasion, but the play depends mainly on the *Wolsey* and the *Henry*. The first Mr. ALEXANDER KNOX makes a burly vulgarian, without a hint of high statesmanship, while from the second Mr. PAUL ROGERS leaves out the Rabelaisian grandeur. And a shifty little monster is not enough.



[The Apple Cart]

King Magnus—Mr. NOEL COWARD

The Coronation is forcing important productions like mushrooms. None has aroused livelier interest than the revival of *The Apple Cart*. Could Mr. NOEL COWARD discard his habit of verbal shorthand and, as *King Magnus*, sustain long speeches of much greater philosophic depth than he has ever written for himself? The simple answer is, he does remarkably well. His voice is light and limited in range, but he speaks with unassuming authority. His *Magnus* is cunning and urbane, a man too tickled by the humbug of politics, it may be, to have preserved a single-minded sense of duty, but at any rate one who can twist a Cabinet round his little finger delightfully. This is a most civilized performance, which must make those think again who would pigeon-hole Mr. COWARD in the narrow category of port comedy.

In the second act of a play which seems if anything to have gained as entertainment, he is met superbly by Miss MARGARET LEIGHTON, whose *Orinthia* sulks and gambols round the largest sofa in London in such flights of sheer femininity as one feared might have died with Gertrude Lawrence. Mr. LOUDON SAINTEILL's extravagant bower of silk is worthy of it. Miss MARGARET RAWLINGS's overwrought *Lysistrata* and Miss ALEXIS FRANCE's mid-Victorian *Queen* are both excellent, and though the Cabinet suffers from a tail it has a high-voltage *Boanerges* in Mr. GEORGE ROSE and a P.M. amusingly satirized by Mr. LAURENCE NAISMITH. And the last act, the weakest,

gets power shock therapy from Mr. CECIL TROUNCER's *American Ambassador*. Mr. MICHAEL MACOWAN's deft production should ensure that G.B.S. will be on the map all through a historic summer.

Even Miss CICELY COURTNEIDGE cannot disguise the poverty of talent and material in *Over the Moon*, a gentle, old-fashioned revue that has mild charms but little sting. Miss COURTNEIDGE has to work far too hard, often in very mediocre sketches, and though occasionally she gets into her full stride—as a British spinster accepting murder as normal in a French bar, for example—she needs wittier stuff and a partner of matching personality. There are useful members of the cast, such as Mr. THORLEY WALTERS, Miss EUNICE GAYSON, and Mr. PETER FELGATE, but a dynamic comedian is wanted to share the burden with Miss COURTNEIDGE.

Recommended

For thought, *The Living Room* (Wyndham's), for entertainment, *Escapade* (Strand), for frivolity, *Airs on a Shoestring* (Royal Court).

ERIC KEOWN



AT THE PICTURES

The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan—Battle Circus

ALL views on *The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan* (Director: SIDNEY GILLIAT) will tend to be coloured by preconceptions. The out-and-out

old-fashioned G. and S. addicts—and ten to one most of those haven't been to any film at all for years, anyway—will profess themselves unable to see why the whole thing couldn't have been excerpts from the operas, or for that matter a string of all the operas complete. What, they say, would that take too long? Oh, well, perhaps... but something of the kind should have been done, never mind the problems. On the other hand those who want a film that is a film in its own right and makes a point or develops a theme and displays some depth of character as well will find that too much of this one consists of straight pictures of stage performances of the operas alternating with shots of people in Victorian costume being delighted by them.

Bearing in mind that these two categories (and a third consisting of those who are just bored by everything connected with Gilbert and Sullivan) dispose of a very large part of the possible public for this picture, I think its makers have done as well as could be with a practically insoluble problem. The film is not satisfactory from any strict point of view, and yet given the commercial inevitability of the mixture, what better way was there to provide it?

"The story" of the two partners comes over in a series of snapshots of them at various stages of their joint career: one gets the superficial facts, and gathers apart from those not much except that Sullivan (MAURICE EVANS) was always pining (and being encouraged, by comic highbrows) to write "serious" music instead, and that Gilbert was an amusing character of the kind best played by ROBERT MORLEY. The excerpts themselves—except for the first, "Trial by Jury," which is freshened by rhythmic cutting—are presented

"straight" enough to please the addict and irritate the non-addict in precisely the way a stage performance would. (It was an axiom of Victorian comic opera that elderly and middle-aged persons jiggling about and saying or appearing to say "Oo" and otherwise displaying childish liveliness were rather charming and inexpressibly funny, but many of us to-day like to think we have grown out of this idea.)

Visually, the film has excellent moments, though it is not so much a credible impression of a period as a highly-coloured picture-book of Victorian types and occasions. There is no word that sums it up except something like "mixture"; the ingredients are all good of their kind, but to call the whole thing a good film is impossible.

Battle Circus (Director: RICHARD BROOKS) is another example of the bad effect of working with an eye on the market. Mr. Brooks is a good director and a good screenwriter, and he wrote this screenplay; but it is plain that he was warned of the necessity to include doses of propaganda and hokum. This he has efficiently done, and the result is unfortunate. Good semi-documentary stuff about the work of "MASH 66" (one of the Mobile Army Surgical Hospitals in Korea) alternates with love-making between the surgeon (HUMPHREY BOGART) and one of the nurses (JUNE ALLYSON) that is in a mood more suited to flippant light comedy. In short—no.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London there are the simple, pleasing *Two Pennyworth of Hope* or *Due Soldi di Speranza* (13/5/53), the gay, fantastic *Les Belles de Nuit*

(8/4/53) and the sober, painful, admirably done *Diary of a Country Priest*; and with *Battle Circus* there's a highly enjoyable Group Three comedy called *The Oracle*.

Releases include *The Desert Rats* (6/5/53), an interesting but undistinguished story of Tobruk, and *Grand National Night* (15/4/53), an effective version of the play, full of suspense.

RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Whenever I hear the word "culture"...

THERE have been rumours that the B.B.C. might re-arrange the basic pattern of its sound broadcasting. One ugly idea afloat was that the Home Service would be merged with the Light Programme; another, that the Third Programme was to be scrapped. Economy is in the air, and the axe is on high.

If one of the three programmes has to go, which ought it to be? All have their faithful followers. There are Home-lovers who consider themselves above the Light and beneath the Third, people who know their place, feel that the Home is the hard core of radio, respectably Anglo-Saxon, middle-class, honest and forthright. There are Light addicts who "know what they like" and that "a little of what you fancy..." who regard the Home as stodgy and the Third as incomprehensible. There are devotees of the Third, the confirmed culture-campers. And there are people who count their blessings and are grateful for a choice of three (four if they have a television set) continuous courses of instruction and entertainment.

The retirement of the Third would, of course, occasion the fewest tears. This programme—let's face it—has proved something of a flop. It was launched just after the war in a mood of self-righteous gallantry and in enthusiastic pursuit of lost causes. "How much the greatest event it is that ever happened in the world! and how much the best!" we said, we readers of Charles James Fox or *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*; and we meant it. The Third was our, Britain's, unique contribution to the brave new world. I was in America when the first Third-type microphone was unveiled and I shall never forget how eagerly I advertised my pride in the achievement and how genuinely envious most of my American friends were of our unsponsored, tri-partite broadcasting system. In spite of the prevailing steaks I longed to get home to my wireless set.

I wish I could say that I had kept faith with the Third, and the Third with me. Frankly, the programme has disappointed me. It is O.K. for



[The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan

MR. GILBERT

MR. SULLIVAN

MR. MORLEY

MR. EVANS

music, O.K. for criticism of criticism (in which I am vestedly interested), but its talks and its drama and its features strike very few sparks of appreciation in me. The Third has failed me because it has been too generous, because it has cast its net too wide. It has tried to catch us all, all who have escaped, or escape at times, from the rut of popular this and popular that to the uplands of Reason and Originality.

The trouble with these lofty regions is that they are so vast: there are so many fields of activity, so many special interests, that the chances of a mutually beneficial encounter are remote. We can be reasonably high-brow (for want of a better word) without finding a single item that appeals to us—music excepted—in the Third's programmes for the week. The Third does not aim at exclusiveness: on the contrary it roams far and wide in search of customers. But because it wanders so freely it is seldom at home to fugitives from other programmes. Tired of "Variety Fanfare" and "Band Show" we turn to the Third . . . and run smack into the fourth of a series of talks on dance forms in ancient Peru.

My point is that the Third fails to live up to the B.B.C.'s admirable general policy of promoting culture by insinuation. On the Home and Light programmes worth-while and puerile are mixed in such a way that the low-brow—almost without noticing it—is being lured towards middle-brow fare. With every fourth packet of Slush a genuine set of Dickens is given away, gratis. But the Third

From Punch, May 21, 1853

A PHILOSOPHER WANTED.

WE have heard of advertisements for a hermit; and, indeed, we believe that there is now an opening for a respectable recluse at Vauxhall to sit in his cell, surrounded by his cat and his cabalistics, till the hour fixed for the fireworks; but we never, until the other day, met with an announcement intimating that the services of a philosopher may be made available. The following *bond fide* extract from one of the papers is rather curious:—

WANTED, A YOUTH OF GOOD CLASSICAL EDUCATION (well grounded in composition and logical analysis), as Clerk, to aid in arranging and getting up a *New Edition* of some *Philosophic Works*, illustrated with diagrams, and for general business.—Address, stating height, age, &c., to —, Post Office, — Court, London. Salary to commence, **10s. 6d.** per week; and if found suitable, he might reside in the establishment.

A youth of good classical education who is expected to live on ten shillings and sixpence a week should indeed be accustomed to composition, for he will probably have to effect a composition with his creditors. He is, it seems, to aid in getting up some philosophic works; but the most philosophic work of all will be the labour of looking with philosophy at his own position. The stipulation that the young philosopher shall state his height seems a strange one; but, perhaps, it is the moral elevation to which he has attained that he is required to notify. If the young philosopher is found "suitable," he may, it seems, share the privilege conferred by Moses on his poet and reside on the premises. He would, of course, be treated as a philosopher of the Attic School in the apportionment of his lodging.

discourages the would-be highbrow, frightens him, sends him scampering back to smug but dependable small talk and cosy predictable music.

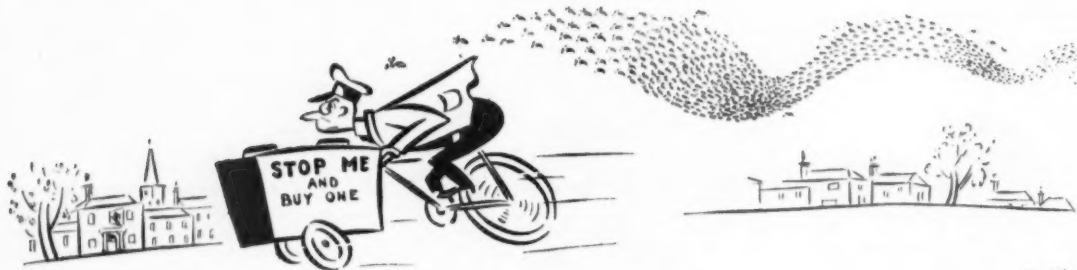
Must it then be scrapped? I hope not. We need more competition at Broadcasting House, not less. But the Third will surely have to change its tune. It will have to come down off its perch into less rarefied atmosphere.

If we had six programmes the Third, as it stands, would be my idea of a suitable Sixth. It is an excellent thing to cater for minorities, but the

larger minorities should be catered for first. And at the moment the largest minority remains unsatisfied. The better items of the Light and the Home programmes whet its appetite for richer more substantial fare, and the Third sends it away hungry, with a flea in its ear.

Another rumour going the rounds—I am just starting it off—is that the Third is to be sponsored by End-Products Ltd., manufacturers of "Ghug," "Schrumf," "Cex," "Klorojuse," etc.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



PUNCH CORONATION NUMBER

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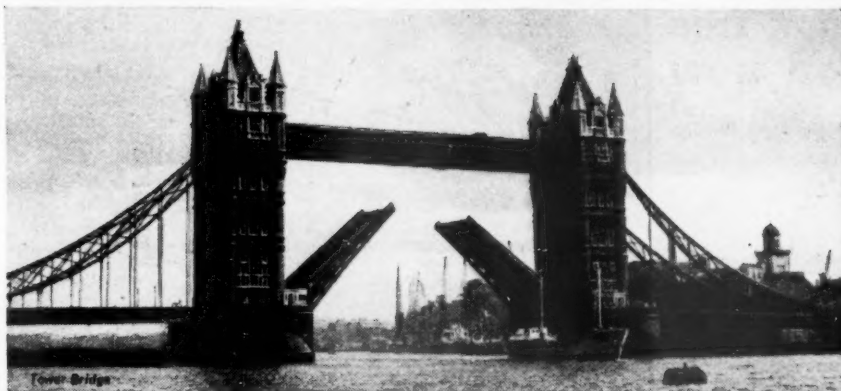
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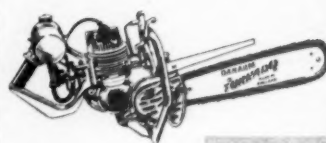
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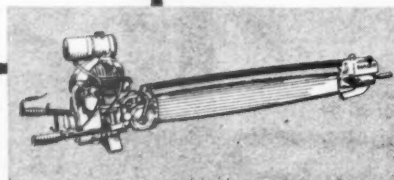
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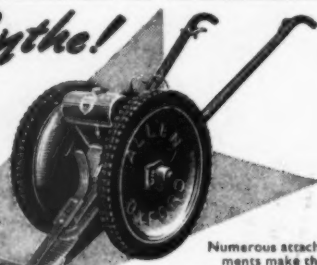
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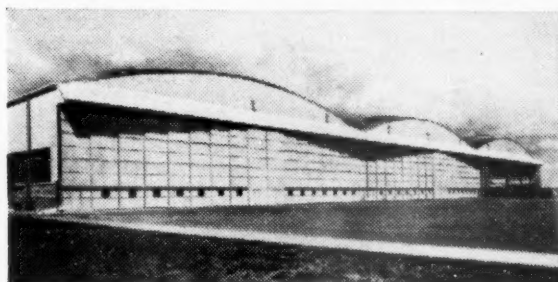
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In moments of stress Dubonnet has a tranquillising influence; at times of celebration it gets the party going with commendable speed. At no time does it affect the liver. Get a bottle of Dubonnet from your wine merchant today. The price is 20/- and the bottle large.

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DOES NOT AFFECT THE LIVER

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: L. ROSE & CO. LTD., ST. ALBANS, HERTS



"It's Graham... not seen
you since '49"



Been on the Gold Coast. Flew in last night.

Hot there?

Non-stop Turkish bath. Lost over two stone. Got my clothes out of store... nothing fitted... hung down in folds and festoons.

Nonsense, Graham, you're looking madly elegant. I've never seen a better fitting suit.

Oh, this rig-out? It's a Maenson. Only bought it this morning. Had to. And a Maenson camel-hair coat... I've been shivering ever since I arrived.

But I thought Maenson clothes were only for export?

Don't you believe it! You get exactly the same fine cloth, cut and workmanship at Home. And now, what about wetting my new Maenson's head? After all, I'm a man, not a clothes-horse!

Maenson

CLOTHES FOR MEN

...the fitting choice

★ A new range of discreetly tailored Maenson suits, special summerweight suits, sports clothes and Macrain raincoats in fine cloths, faultless styles and over 80 different fittings, awaits your critical appraisal.

The Shirt
that starts
life anew—

WHEN OTHERS
HAVE FINISHED



It's a grand life for shirts with the PLUSMORE service! A spare collar and cuffs at no extra charge, and a refit service when you want to replace the worn ones. That means a new life just when you would throw a shirt away. Fine materials by ATLAS, Rigmel shrunk with 'Trubensised' collars. Make your next shirt an ATLAS PLUSMORE—collar attached or tunic style with three collars and cuffs.

★ Don't forget there are PLUSMORES for boys too.



REFIT SERVICE

Your PLUSMORE Stockist will gladly arrange to send your shirt back to the makers for refitting at a small charge to cover postage and packing.

Manufactured by

ROBERT R. BUCK & SONS, LTD. ATLAS WORKS, CARLISLE

Ask for ATLAS PLUSMORE in the shops, or write for leaflet and name of nearest stockist.

PLUSMORE

Shirts

He'd like a BARLING on Father's Day JUNE 20th

Barling Design
For Comfort and Dignity

A good new pipe is something he's been wanting for months, maybe years. So give him a Barling "Guinea Grain". The Barling design flat mouthpiece is for comfort; the mellow Briar bowl is for years of cool, sweet smoking.

Also available in
Standard and Sandblast Series

Barling
LONDON 1812

PIPEMAKERS IN LONDON SINCE 1812

A SHORT CUT to Leveler Lawns!

Instead of back-breaking "push-and-pull" hand-mowing, just follow your Royal Enfield at a comfortable walking pace and see your lawns looking better than ever before. The area of a tennis court — 300 sq. yds. — takes only 38 mins. to mow with a Royal Enfield 14" model. Send today for illustrated folder



14" Model E47-14-8 Inc. P.T.
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THE ENFIELD MOTOR MOWER CO.
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NEW ELIZABETHAN COINS

We can still accept orders for complete Sets (Crown to Farthing) in an attractive transparent plastic case, showing both sides of the coins, at £1.1.0d., post free.

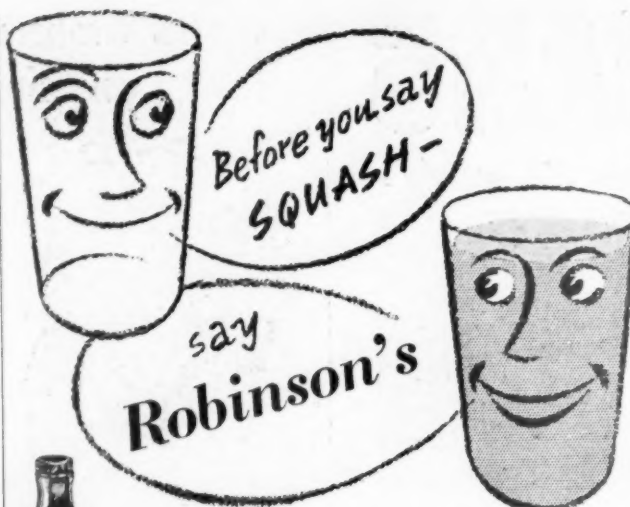
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175 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

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APPEARANCE**

**TABARD
SHIRTS**

• GENEROUSLY TAILORED
• SHRUNK FINISH

GUARANTEED BY
R. EDGAR HALLETT
AND CO. LTD.
MANCHESTER, NORTHWICH &
CONGLETON. Established 1893



You've only to taste it once and you'll always say "Robinson's" before you say "squash". There are two kinds — orange and lemon; both are good, but we think that the orange is something rather special. Taste it and see.

THREE
SHILLINGS
A BOTTLE

ORANGE OR LEMON

Made by Robinson's of Barley Water fame

CVS-20

Motorists wise SIMONIZ

**SIMONIZ
KLEENER**
for perfect results
use Kleener first— 5/-

SIMONIZ
—for brilliant shine
and long term
protection 5/-



For year-round protection plus a showroom shine



The family is off to Dinard this Summer. The children especially love the flight and Mother is pleased to have the journey over so quickly, while Dad replenishes with duty free cigarettes on the way. The Travel Agent booked them on the new Tourist Service—there and back for £12.12.0

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HAYMARKET, S.W.1

Health-giving holiday sailings to
ORKNEY & SHETLAND
from **LEITH & ABERDEEN**

Inclusive trips by first-class passenger ships, including accommodation in Company's own Hotels in Orkney and Shetland, from £8 to £28.5/-.



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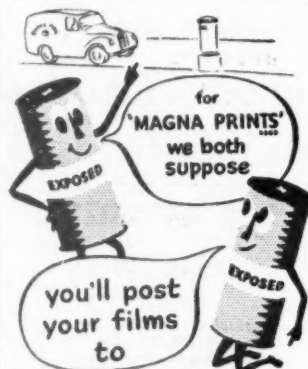
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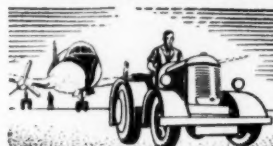


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23 BRIDGE STREET ROW, CHESTER
133, 134 HIGH STREET, OXFORD
25 THE PROMENADE, CHELTENHAM



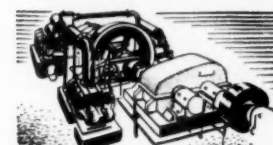
Described as "incredibly fast, incredibly safe, and incredibly reliable", the Aston Martins have earned an enviable reputation in international racing.



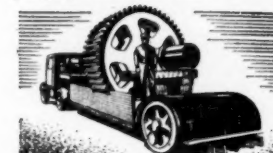
One of the many David Brown tractors used at Farnborough during the annual exhibition organised by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors. It does the unspectacular but essential job of moving aircraft during ground maintenance.



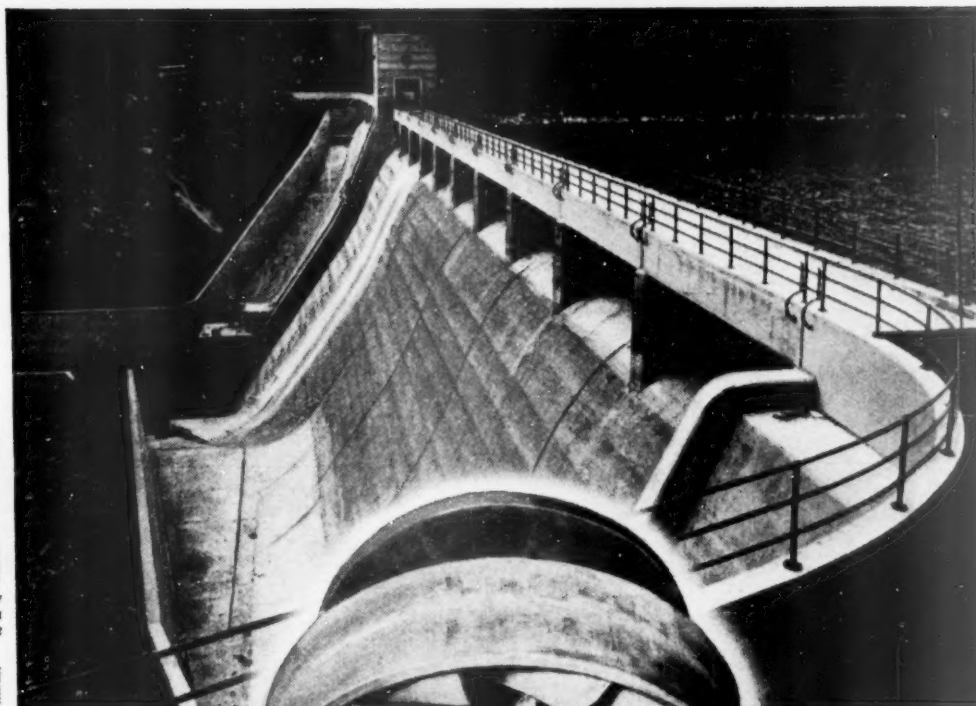
Britain's first twin-engine twin-rotor helicopter is the Bristol Type 173. The engine mountings, cast in high tensile steel, are typical of the range of complex castings which David Brown make for many of Britain's leading military and civil aircraft.



This David Brown gearbox, recently installed at St. Germans, Cornwall, is part of the largest land drainage pumping station in Britain.



Spur wheel and shaft, weighing 35 tons, made by David Brown for a large steel works in N.E. England. Complex work like this is undertaken by David Brown Companies for countries all over the world.



The 7-ton Francis Runner cast in stainless steel—David Brown's vital contribution to the new Fasnakyle Hydro-Electric Project.

HOW TO SAVE 150,000 TONS OF COAL A YEAR

The North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board's new £8,000,000 project at Fasnakyle, Inverness-shire, is the second largest of its kind in Britain. It will supply annually another 230 million units of electricity . . . equivalent to mining 150,000 tons of coal. David Brown are proud to have contributed one of the most vital components of the powerful turbine plant—a huge casting of such complexity that only specialists in advanced foundry techniques could undertake it. Indeed,

The David Brown Foundries Company at Penistone is one of the few with the necessary experience and technical resources to produce this type of casting, which has to be capable of resisting widely varying conditions of corrosion. This is only one example of how the companies of The David Brown Organisation are applying their skill and experience as engineers, in the economic struggle to make Britain once again the world's leading industrial and trading nation.

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An alliance of engineering specialists in gearing, steel & bronze castings, automobiles, and agricultural tractors & machinery

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Dulcie Gray
gave her husband
Michael Denison
a Parker '51' for
his birthday



It's a far cry from a small part in 'Charley's Aunt' to Michael Denison's polished performance in 'The Importance of Being Earnest.' Yet his career on the stage began only just before the war, which promptly interrupted it again. His wife Dulcie Gray is herself a beautiful and sensitive actress. She and her husband will both next be seen in a new film called 'There was a Young Lady.' For his birthday, she gave him a Parker '51.'



**SIMPLE
ELEGANCE—**
and the
most advanced
mechanism of
any pen



THE '51' PEN AND PENCIL SET.
The famous '51' pen with matching continuous-lead pencil. Sold separately, the pencil costs 40/10. The set, in elegant presentation case: 66.4.6, with Lustraloy cans.

**OTHER FAMOUS
PARKER MODELS** — each with modern, simplified filling system, visible ink supply and the famous Parker arrow clip: the new, large Senior Duofold pen at 43/—, the slightly smaller Duofold pen at 37/11, the shorter and slimmer New Victory at 30/11, the slender, elegant Slimfold at 23/11... a pen for smaller hands. Pencil to match all these models 20/5. Presentation boxes available for all pen and pencil sets.

One takes it almost for granted that people in the public eye should write with a Parker '51' — not only actors and actresses, but statesmen, business leaders, and famous authors, all over the world.

No wonder—the New Parker '51' is without equal anywhere. Mechanically, it is years in advance of all other pens: its Aero-Metric Ink System draws up, stores and releases ink in a totally different manner, which sets new standards of reliable writing. And its appearance is in keeping. Simple and elegant, it has become a mark of distinction, a symbol of good taste.

So, when you offer someone a Parker '51' as a special present, you are giving much more than a pen; you are paying a singularly graceful compliment.

Choice of four colours and eight different nib grades to suit every hand. Price 62/3 (with Lustraloy cap)

new Parker '51'

The world's most wanted pen

GIVEN AND USED BY FAMOUS PEOPLE


THE PARKER PEN COMPANY LIMITED, BUSH HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2



WORLD'S LARGEST PASSENGER AIR LINER...

THE 'Boeing Stratocruiser' holds pride of place as the world's largest airliner. With a complement of 60 passengers, this four engine giant of the skies, weighing more than sixty tons, cruises at a speed of 320 m.p.h. 6 miles above the ocean. When the 'Stratocruiser' touches down, on either side of the Atlantic, passengers will find prominently displayed everywhere, Cinzano — product of the World's Largest Producers of Vermouth.

Cinzano has an extra quality and a finer flavour than other vermouths — consequently, people the world over drink more Cinzano than any other Vermouth.

 *Try Cinzano yourself — on its own or with gin. You'll enjoy its delicious extra quality*



WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCERS OF VERMOUTH

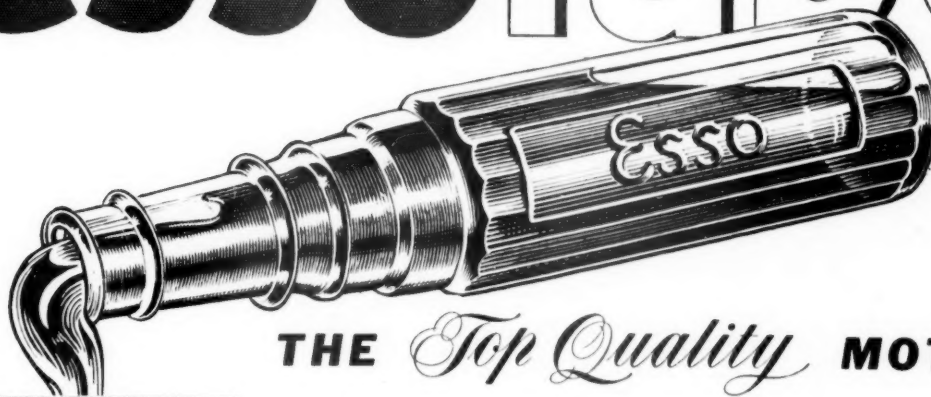
CINZANO

RED (Italian Sweet) **WHITE** (Italian Sweet) 17/- Bottle, 9/- ½-Bottle
DRY (French) 18/- Bottle, 9/6 ½-Bottle

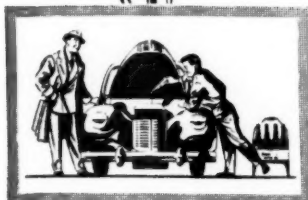
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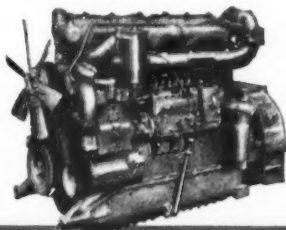
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NOW 3 Diesels

WITH WORLD-WIDE SERVICE

Leyland has now introduced a 680 cu. in. diesel engine, thereby extending its range of industrial units which have already built up so great a reputation for reliability and low fuel costs the world over. Backed by the same service and "off the shelf" spares from Leyland depots and agents in every country, there are now three engines available as power units for proprietary equipment or as independent power packs. Please write for details of this new unit.

U.E.680. Interchangeable with U.E. 600. Power output 154 h.p. at 2,000 r.p.m. Consumption 0.345 to 0.38 pts./b.h.p./hr. (full load).



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*Mechanical handling
today - means*

* BATTERY TRUCKS

CHEAP TO RUN

The only 'fuel' cost is battery charging: a few pence per 8-hour day for platform trucks—less than 2/- for 2-ton Fork Lift trucks.

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Instant starting. High acceleration. Quick manoeuvring.

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Battery charged automatically and correctly without supervision. Simple truck design calls for little maintenance, which is easily carried out by existing staff. Specialist fitters not required.

SIMPLE TO OPERATE

A youth can learn to operate the simple controls in a few lessons.

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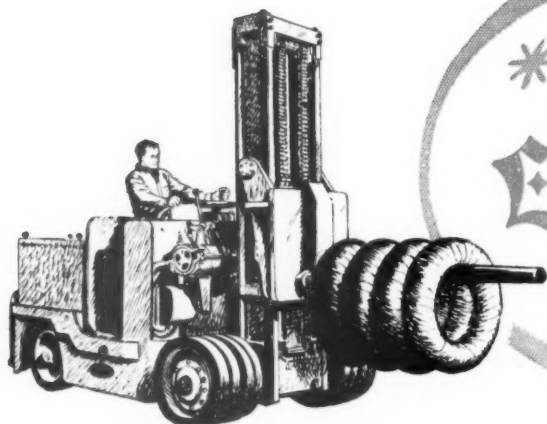
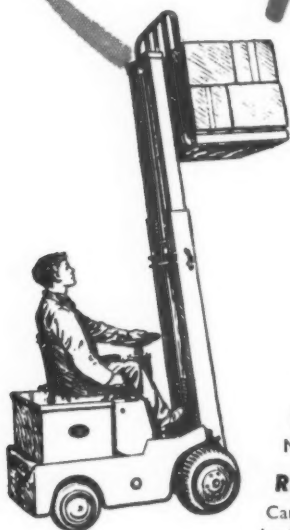
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